

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 204.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1850.

\$3 PER ANNUM

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 157 BROADWAY.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

AMERICAN LION HUNTERS.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES OF THE IROQUOIS. By H. L. Morgan.

REVIEWS.—SUMMER'S ORATIONS AND SPEECHES.

DICKINSON'S SACRED ORACLES.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

MR. GOODRICH'S POEMS.

Home Ballads—Milton's Works—Greek Ollendorf—Stillman's Journal—Youth's Coronal—Renard the Fox, &c.

CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF BOOKS NOT REPRINTED HERE—Schiller's Anthology—Müller's Ancient Art and its Remains.

LITERARY GOSPEL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

POETRY.—To an Enemy, by G. M. R.—The Burial of Love, by W. C. Bryant (*Graham's Magazine*).

THE CENTRAL REGIONS OF AFRICA.

FINE ARTS.—Distribution of the American Art-Union—Gasp—Virtue's Art-Journal—Picture Gallery of Wood Cuts—Goethe Inheritance, &c., &c.

THE DRAMA.—The Theatres—Mr. Macready's Virginias, &c.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.—Thanksgiving at the Five Points—"Mastery Inactivity"—Letter of Washington-Niagara—Lindomina—Lola Montes, &c., &c.

VARIETIES FOR THE LITERARY WORLD FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR. 3d Batch.

PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR. Literary Intelligence.

The next number of the *Literary World* will commence a New Volume with the New Year.

AMERICAN LION HUNTERS.

"Mr. James, the novelist, had not been a week in the country when the number of letters he had received asking for his autograph was so alarmingly great that he was appalled at the thought of replying to them. He stated his difficulty to Washington Irving, who advised him to have a few thousands of replies to such letters lithographed, to save himself trouble. Miss Bremer had been in New York but a few days, when she exclaimed one day to a friend, with unfeigned terror, on hearing the door-bell, 'O dear! I wish I was a little dog, that I could creep under the table and hide myself.'"—*N. Y. Correspondent Washington Republic*.

We had occasion not long ago to commemorate the zeal and perseverance of Mr. Gordon Cumming in the pursuit of his prey through the wildernesses of Southern Africa; and we supposed at that time he was fairly without a rival in that exciting species of adventure. We had, however, forgotten our own native hunters: not the Red men of the western forest: but our immediate fellow-citizens, who do not engage in the hunt singly, but turn out in whole tribes and hang upon the skirts of every foreign celebrity, from the moment of its appearance upon our shores.

We will yield to no one in a rational and affectionate attachment to our own country; we cheerfully and proudly acknowledge her pre-eminence in many walks; and promptly recognise in her people a movement, onward, in her own selected highway among the nations, which is at the same time marvellously rapid, and in its scope and grasp, truly majestic; and yet we tremble with instinctive apprehension over a paragraph announcing so simple a circumstance as the proposed embarkation of a foreigner from the other side of the Atlantic. However actively employed; however diligently engaged in the grandest questions of policy, law, or State-extension: busy with the regulation of empires: we know the consequences; these must be all arrested at once. The canal must wait awhile to be dug; the Pacific Railroad is adjourned; and the capital must pause in its national labors—till the distinguished stranger has been disposed of. Committee-men will shake themselves out of bed at midnight; mayors go mad; and

editors mortgage their columns—for a week, fortnight, or more, according to the exigencies of the excitement.

The universal Yankee nation never shows itself more universal than on the occasion of one of these disturbances. Let it take whatever shape it will, Brother Jonathan is "on hand"—ready to gulp hogsheds of cold water with Father Mathew, to guffaw with Boz, to quaver with Jenny Lind, or to "mount and ride" with Mr. G. P. R. James. From playing a first part in the general drama of the world, Jonathan is willing for the nonce to be put upon a small salary of silver medals, second-hand hats, smiles, and autographs, in consideration of his faithful services at landing-places, shouting under hotel-windows, decorating ball-rooms "without reference to expense," and enacting the lacquey whenever master or mistress makes an appearance in public. We doubt whether there be a hired servant or bondman in the world who does so much work for so little wages, as Brother Jonathan, in these periods of eccentric servitude; and his conduct is rendered the more singular, inasmuch as in the lucid intervals which ensue he seems by a faculty peculiar to himself to fall into an utter oblivion of the by-gone madness; and to be ready to take the new turn of the disease, just as violently and with quite as alarming a development of all the symptoms, as if he had never passed through such an ordeal. It is infinitely worse than Yellow Jack or Small Pox, for it keeps coming, and will never let the patient alone.

In the meanwhile, however, he should inherit from these sweeping maladies, as some compensation for the manifold pangs and trials to which they subject him, a store of useful experiences; and, we trust, has provided in some secure place a pit or depository where the cast clothes and personal memorials of his ecstasy are safely laid away. If he has been individually neglectful, we trust that the national legislature (the final guardian of the lunatical) will early take steps to provide a general treasury where these invaluable keepsakes may be accumulated, and to which he can hereafter confidently resort to find the locks of hair, the cast beavers, the extorted autograph epistles, the portraits (an almost endless gallery), daguerreotypes of every shape, in every style, by Plumbe, by Root, by Brady; the first tickets of "Genin," "Dodge," "Col. Ross;" the temperance ribbons; and all the other deposits left on our shore by the subsidence of a James, a Father Mathew, and a Lind. To that mighty tower of national properties, priceless and precious to all coming generations of Free Americans, we can think of but one man worthy to be keeper. We need not mention his name. He is already used to collections of a similar kind; and if we can but persuade the thousand persecutors of the author of "Darnley," and the inexorable hunters of Miss Bremer (who have meanly reduced that worthy lady to the pitiable condition of a "little dog") to forward their specimens as fast as received, we can promise the world an exhibition to which Catlin's Indian Show and the American Museum are toy-shops on a very limited scale. No lithograph letters should, however, be received; nothing but the genuine "fist."

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES OF THE IROQUOIS.

(From the valuable forthcoming book on the "Iroquois" by Mr. L. H. Morgan, of Rochester.)

AMONG the ceremonies incident to the worship of the Iroquois, the most novel were those which ushered in the new year. In mid-winter, usually about the first of February, this religious celebration was held. It continued for seven successive days, revealing in its various ceremonials nearly every feature of their religious system. The prominent act which characterized this jubilee, and which, perhaps, indicated what they understood by "The most excellent faith," was the burning of the White Dog, on the fifth day of the festival. This annual sacrifice of the Iroquois has long been known, attracting at various times considerable attention. But the true principle involved in it appears not to have been rightly understood. In the sequel, it will be found to be a very simple and tangible idea, harmonizing fully with their system of faith and worship.

Several days before the time appointed for the jubilee, the people assembled for the confession of their sins. On this occasion they were more thorough in the work than at any other season, that they might enter upon the new year with a firm purpose of amendment. This council not unfrequently lasted three days, before all the people had performed this act of religious duty.

The observances of the new year were commenced on the day appointed, by two of the keepers of the faith who visited every house in and about the Indian village, morning and evening. They were disguised in bear skins or buffalo robes, which were secured around their heads with wreaths of corn-husks, and then gathered in loose folds about the body. Wreaths of corn-husks were also adjusted around their arms and ankles. They were robed in this manner, and painted by the matrons, who, like themselves, were keepers of the faith, and by them were they commissioned to go forth in this formidable attire, to announce the commencement of the jubilee. Taking corn-pounders in their hands, they went out in company, on the morning of the day, to perform their duty. Upon entering a house, they saluted the inmates in a formal manner, after which, one of them, striking upon the floor, to restore silence and secure attention, thus addressed them:—

"Listen, Listen, Listen:—The ceremonies which the Great Spirit has commanded us to perform, are about to commence. Prepare your houses. Clear away the rubbish. Drive out all evil animals. We wish nothing to hinder or obstruct the coming observances. We enjoin upon every one to obey our requirements. Should any of your friends be taken sick and die, we command you not to mourn for them, nor allow any of your friends to mourn. But lay the body aside, and enjoy the coming ceremonies with us. When they are over, we will mourn with you."

After singing a short thanksgiving song, they passed out.

In the afternoon this visit was repeated in the same manner. After saluting the family as before, one of the keepers of the faith thus addressed them:—

"My Nephews, my Nephews, my Nephews:—We now announce to you that the New Year's

ceremonies have commenced, according to our ancient custom. You are each of you now required to go forth, and participate in their observance. This is the will of the Great Spirit. Your first duty will be to prepare your wooden blades (*Gū-ger-we-ā*), with which to stir up the ashes upon your neighbors' hearths. Then return to the Great Spirit your individual thanks for the return of this season, and for the enjoyment of this privilege."

Having sung another song appropriate to the occasion, they departed finally, and when they had in this way made the circuit of the village, the ceremonies of the first day were concluded.

On the first day, however, the White Dog was strangled. They selected a dog free from physical blemish, and of pure white, if such an one could be found. The white deer, white squirrel, and other chance animals of the albino kind, were regarded as consecrated to the Great Spirit. White was the Iroquois emblem of purity and of faith. In strangling the dog, they were careful neither to shed his blood nor break his bones. The dog was then spotted, in places over his body and limbs, with red paint, and ornamented with feathers in various ways. Around his neck was hung a string of white wampum, the pledge of their sincerity. In modern times the dog is ornamented with a profusion of many-colored ribbons, which are adjusted around his body and limbs. The ornaments placed upon the dog were the voluntary offerings of the pious; and for each gift thus bestowed, the giver was taught to expect a blessing. When the dog had been thus decorated, it was suspended by the neck about eight feet from the ground, on the branching prong of a pole erected for that purpose. Here it hung night and day, until the morning of the fifth day, when it was taken down to be burned. Oftentimes two dogs were burned, one for each of the four tribes. In this case, the people separated into two divisions, and after going through separate preparatory ceremonies, they united around the same altar for the burning of the dogs, and the offering of the thanksgiving address to the Great Spirit.

On the second day all the people went forth, and visited in turn the houses of their neighbors, either in the morning, at noon, or in the evening. They went in small parties appressed in their best attire. It was customary, however, for the people to be preceded by the two keepers of the faith who made the recitations the day previous, as a matter of etiquette; the houses not being open to all, until these personages had made their call. At this time was performed the ceremony of stirring the ashes upon the hearth, which appears to have no particular idea attached to it, beyond that of a formal visitation. Putting aside the disguise of the day before, the keepers of the faith assumed the costume of warriors, plumed and painted, in which attire they visited every family three times, in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. Taking in their hands wooden blades or shovels, they entered the lodge and saluted the family. One of them then stirred the ashes, and having taken up a quantity upon the blade of the shovel, and sprinkled them upon the hearth, he thus addressed the inmates, as they were in the act of falling: "I thank the Great Spirit that he has spared your lives again to witness this New Year's celebration." Then repeating the process with another shovel full of ashes, he continued: "I thank the Great Spirit that he has spared my life again to be an actor in this ceremony. And now I do this to please the

Great Spirit." The two then united in a thanksgiving song prepared for the occasion, upon the conclusion of which they took their departure. Other parties of the people then came in successively, and each went through the same performance. In this manner every house was thrice visited on the second day, by the keepers of the faith in the first instance, and afterwards by the whole community.

The proceedings upon the third and fourth days were alike. Small dancing parties were organized, which visited from house to house, and danced at the domestic fireside. Each set selected a different dance, appointed their own leader, and furnished their own music. One party, for instance, took the Feather dance, another the Fish dance, another the Trotting dance, to give variety to the short entertainments which succeeded each other at every house. It was not uncommon on such occasions, to see a party of juveniles, about a dozen in number, dressed in full costume, feathered and painted, dancing the War dance, from house to house, with all the zeal and enthusiasm which this dance was so eminently calculated to excite. In this manner every house was made a scene of gaiety and amusement, for none was so humble or so retired as to remain unvisited.

Another pastime incident to these days was the formation of a "thieving party," as it was called, a band of mischievous boys, disguised with false faces, paint, and rags, to collect materials for a feast. This vagrant company strolled from house to house, accompanied by an old woman carrying a huge basket. If the family received them kindly, and made them presents, they handed the latter to the female carrier, and having given the family a dance in acknowledgment of the present, they retired without committing any depredations. But if no presents were made, or such as were insufficient, they purloined whatever articles they could most adroitly and easily conceal. If detected, they at once made restitution, but if not, it was considered a fair win. On the return of this party from their rounds, all the articles collected were deposited in a place open to public examination; where any one who had lost an article which he particularly prized, was allowed to redeem it on paying an equivalent. But no one was permitted to reclaim, as the owner, any article successfully taken by this thieving party on its professional round. Upon the proceeds of this forced collection, a feast was eventually given, together with a dance in some private family.

Guessing dreams was another of the novel practices of the Iroquois, which distinguished these festive days. It is difficult to understand precisely how far the self-delusion under which the dreamer appeared to act was real. A person with a melancholy and dejected countenance, entering a house, announced that he had a dream, and requested the inmates to guess it. He thus wandered from house to house, until he found a solution which suited him. This was either received as an interpretation of an actual dream, or suggested such a dream as the person was willing to adopt as his own. He at once avowed that his dream had been correctly guessed; and if the dream, as interpreted, prescribed any future conduct, he filled it to the letter at whatever sacrifice. The celebrated Cornplanter, *Gy-ant'-wā-ka*, resigned his chieftainship in consequence of a dream. The dream of Cornplanter occurred about the year 1810. His influence with the Senecas had been for some years on the wane, which his friends ascribed to his friendly rela-

tions with the whites. During a New Year's celebration at his village on the Allegany, he went from house to house for three days, announcing wherever he went that he had had a dream, and wished to find some one to guess it. On the third day, a Seneca told him that he could relate his dream. Seeing him nearly naked and shivering with cold, he said: "You shall henceforth be called *O-no'-no*," meaning "cold." This signified that his name, *Gy-ant'-wā-ka*, should pass away from him, and with it his title as a chief. He then explained the interpretation to Cornplanter more fully: "That he had had a sufficient term of service for the good of the nation. That he was grown too old to be of much further use as a warrior or as a counsellor, and that he must therefore appoint a successor. That if he wished to preserve the continued good will of the Great Spirit, he must remove from his house and sight every article of the workmanship of the white man." Cornplanter having listened with earnest attention to this interpretation, confessed that it was correctly guessed, and that he was resolved to execute it. His presents which he had received from Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and others, he collected together, with the exception of his tomahawk, and burned them up. Among the presents thus consumed was a full uniform of an American officer, including an elegant sword and his medal given him by Washington. He then selected an old and intimate friend to be his successor, and sent to him his tomahawk and a belt of wampum to announce his resolution and his wishes. Although contrary to their customs, the Senecas, out of reverence for his extraordinary dream, at once raised up as a chief the person selected by Cornplanter, and invested him with the name of *Gy-ant'-wā-ka*, which he bore during his life. Cornplanter, after this event, was always known among the Iroquois under the name of *O-no'-no*. This tomahawk, the last relic of Cornplanter, is now in the State Historical Collection at Albany.

In relation to dreams, the Iroquois had ever been prone to extravagant and supernatural beliefs. They often regarded a dream as a divine monition, and followed its injunctions to the utmost extremity. Their notions upon this subject recall to remembrance the conceit of Homer, that "dreams descend from Jove."

During the first four days the people were without a feast, from the fact that the observances themselves did not require the assembling of the people at the council-house. But entertainments were given in the evenings at private houses, where the night was devoted to the dance. Another amusement at this particular season was the Snow-snake game, which, like all Indian games, was wont to arouse considerable interest.

On the morning of the fifth day, soon after dawn, the White Dog was burned on an altar of wood erected by the keepers of the faith near the council-house. It is difficult, from outward observation, to draw forth the true intent with which the dog was burned. The obscurity with which the object was veiled has led to various conjectures. Among other things, it has been pronounced a sacrifice for sin. In the religious system of the Iroquois, there is no recognition of the doctrine of atonement for sin, or of the absolution or forgiveness of sins. Upon this whole subject their system is silent. An act once done, was registered beyond the power of change. The greatest advance upon this point of faith was, the belief that good deeds cancelled the evil, thus pleading heaven through good works, within the reach of all. The notion that this was an expiation for

sin, is thus refuted by their system of theology itself. The other idea, that the sins of the people, by some mystic process, were transferred to the dog, and by him thus borne away, on the principle of the scapegoat of the Hebrews, is also without any foundation in truth. The burning of the dog had not the slightest connexion with the sins of the people. On the contrary, the simple idea of the sacrifice was, to send up the spirit of the dog as a messenger to the Great Spirit, to announce their continued fidelity to his service, and also to convey to him their united thanks for the blessings of the year. The fidelity of the dog, the companion of the Indian, as a hunter, was emblematical of their fidelity. No messenger so trusty could be found to bear their petitions to the Master of Life. The Iroquois believed that the Great Spirit made a covenant with their fathers to the effect, that when they should send up to him the spirit of a dog, of a spotless white, he would receive it as the pledge of their adherence to his worship, and his ears would thus be opened in a special manner to their petitions. To approach *Hä-wen-ne'-yu* in the most acceptable manner, and to gain attention to their thanksgiving acknowledgments and supplications in the way of his own appointing, was the end and object of burning the dog. They hung around his neck a string of white wampum, the pledge of their faith. They believed that the spirit of the dog hovered around the body until it was committed to the flames, when it ascended into the presence of the Great Spirit, itself the acknowledged evidence of their fidelity, and bearing also to him the united thanks and supplications of the people. This sacrifice was the most solemn and impressive manner of drawing near to the Great Spirit known to the Iroquois. They used the spirit of the dog in precisely the same manner that they did the incense of tobacco, as an instrumentality through which to commune with their Maker. This sacrifice was their highest act of piety.

The burning of the dog was attended with many ceremonies. It was first taken down and laid out upon a bench in the council-house, while the fire of the altar was kindling. A speech was then made over it by one of the keepers of the faith, in which he spoke of the antiquity of this institution of their fathers, of its importance and solemnity, and finally enjoined upon them all to direct their thoughts to the Great Spirit, and unite with the keepers of the faith in these observances. He concluded with thanking the Great Spirit, that the lives of so many of them had been spared through another year. A chant or song, appropriate to the occasion, was then sung, the people joining in chorus. By the time this was over, the altar was blazing up on every side ready for the offering. A procession was then formed, the officiating keeper of the faith preceding, followed by four others bearing the dog upon a kind of bark litter, behind which came the people in Indian file. A loud exclamation, in the nature of a war-whoop, announced the starting of the procession. They moved on towards the altar, and having marched around it, the keepers of the faith halted, facing the rising sun. With some immaterial ceremonies the dog was laid upon the burning altar, and as the flames surrounded the offering, the officiating keeper of the faith, by a species of ejaculation, upon a high key, thrice repeated, invoked the attention of the Great Spirit.

"*Quä, quä, quä* :—(Hail, hail, hail) Thou who hast created all things, and who rulest all things, and who givest laws and commands to thy creatures, listen to our words. We now obey thy

commands, that which thou hast made is returning unto thee. It is rising to thee, by which it will appear that our words are true."

Several thanksgiving songs or chants, in measured verse, were then sung by the keepers of the faith, the people joining in chorus. After this, was made the great thanksgiving address of the Iroquois. The keeper of the faith appointed to deliver it, invoked the attention of *Hä-wen-ne'-ye* by the same thrice repeated exclamation. As the speech progressed, he threw leaves of tobacco into the fire from time to time, that its incense might constantly ascend during the whole address.

After the delivery of this address, the people, leaving the partly consumed offering, returned to the council-house, where the Feather dance was performed. With this the religious exercises of the day were concluded. Other dances, however, followed, for the entertainment of the people, and the day and evening were given up to this amusement. Last of all came the feast, with which the proceedings of the day were terminated.

On the morning of the sixth day, the people again assembled at the place of council. This day was observed in about the same manner as one of their ordinary religious days, at which the Thanksgiving dance was introduced.

The seventh and last day was commenced with the *Ab-do'-weh*; after which the Peach-stone game was introduced, with the determination of which ended the New Year's jubilee.

REVIEWS.

Orations and Speeches. By Charles Sumner. 2 vols. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

THIS publication, in the usual neat and elegant form of the publishers, includes twenty-five different articles in the various proportions of political addresses on the slavery question (the largest number), orations on social progress and on general topics of Literature and Art. They are characterized by the neatness and clearness of expression, the historical reading and classical scholarship which distinguish the writings of the leader of this class of composition in New England—the Hon. Edward Everett. But, in prudence and judgment, they are in some respects inferior. Mr. Sumner sometimes lets the partisan get the better of the philosopher. We do not allude to his political addresses, where the local coloring of a certain amount of over-statement may be merely truth to time and place, and which should not be pronounced out of keeping without reference to these conditions; but to an instance where, it appears to us, the vigor of a sound argument on a question of universal interest, and of almost universal agreement, is weakened by a push upon the reader's good sense which he must fain resist,—in the case of the anti-war disquisition. In the main points of Mr. Sumner's Fourth of July oration on this question, which, from some peculiar circumstances, was an effective hit at the time, most men will agree. War is an evil, war is an absurdity, and it is essentially a thing of the past. It is to be discontinued. We are to pay those honors to benefactors, to philosophers, to inventors, to poets, which were formerly engrossed by big fighting men covered with feathers. War is a nuisance, and to be put down—as commerce and railroads, and telegraphs and Atlantic steamers, are putting it down. But Mr. Sumner is not disposed to trust too submissively to these indirect, quiet, but most effective agencies. Dr. Channing recommended that soldiers, instead of

gray plumage, be dressed in black as the public executioners. Mr. Sumner would not only suppress them in the present, but would expunge them from History and Art. In his address on Allston, he tells us that the great painter said of a proposition to fill one of the vacant panels of the Rotunda at Washington, that he would paint "No battle-piece." This is seized upon as an anti-war appeal, though it may have been merely a matter of individual taste of Allston, and by no means a settled prohibition to Art. Says Mr. Sumner:—

"Were this sentiment general in literature, as well as art, war would be shorn of its false glory. Let the poet, the historian, the orator, join with the artist in saying, *No battle-piece*. Let them cease to dwell, except with pain and reprobation, upon those dismal exhibitions of human passion, in which the lives of friends are devoted to procure the death of enemies. Let no Christian pen, let no Christian tongue, let no Christian pencil, dignify, by praise or picture, scenes from which God averts his eye. It is true, man has slain his fellow-man; armies have rushed in deadly shock against armies; the blood of brothers has been spilled. These are incidents which history must enter sorrowfully, tearfully, in her faithful record; but let not this generous Muse, by warm descriptions and attractive colors, fatally perpetuate the passions from which they sprang or the griefs which they caused. Let her dwell with eulogy and pride, on all that is noble, lovely, beneficent, Christ-like in character. Let this be preserved by the votive canvas and marble also. But *No battle-pieces*!"

Now, this carries the matter too far. It is treating man, Mr. Sumner's enlightened, progressive man of the nineteenth century, too much like an infant; and is about equivalent, in effect, to a clergyman forbidding, from the pulpit, the handling by artists of heathen subjects; waging a warfare in the name of Christianity against Bacchus, Jupiter, and Apollo, on the walls of our parlors; the idolatry of cameos and breastpins, and the damnatory influences of Pagan bronzes and letter seals. If a painter has the genius of a Vernet or a Wouvermans for battle-pieces, in the name of the Peace society let him paint them. Has Mr. Sumner ever felt any belligerent influences excited in his mind by a "battle-piece?" Is the carnage there depicted so winning a spectacle that it must be kept from the eyes of men? On the contrary, are not the war painters the true peace evangelists—by bringing Mr. Sumner's arguments most vividly before the "faithful eyes" of spectators? Has not Mr. S. himself tried his hand at a bit of coloring. No battle-pieces forsooth!

Mr. Sumner is acute and ingenious, and has many satisfactory illustrations of his various texts. The following passage, taken from a view apart, shows the real progress of the war question:—

"Look at the past; and observe the change in dress. Down to a period quite recent, the sword was the indispensable companion of the gentleman, wherever he appeared, whether in the street or in society; but he would be thought a madman, or a bully, who should wear it now. At an earlier period the armor of complete steel was the habili-ment of the knight. From the picturesque sketch by Sir Walter Scott, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, we may learn the barbarous constraint of this costume.

"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel;
They quitted not the harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest,
With corset laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred."

But this is all changed now.

"Observe also the change in architecture and in domestic life. The places once chosen for castles, or houses, were in savage, inaccessible retreats, where the massive structure was reared, destined to repel attacks, and to inclose its inhabitants. Even monasteries and churches were fortified, and girdled by towers, ramparts, and ditches, while a child was often stationed as a watchman, to observe what passed at a distance, and announce the approach of an enemy. The homes of peaceful citizens in towns were castellated, often without so much as an aperture for light near the ground, but with loop-holes through which the shafts of the cross-bow might be aimed. From a letter of Margaret Paston, in the time of Henry VII. of England, I draw a curious and authentic illustration of the armed life of that period. Addressing in dutiful phrase her 'right worshipful husband,' she asks him to procure for her 'some cross-bows and wyndnaes [grappling irons] to bind them with, and quarrels [arrows with a square head]—also 'two or three short pole-axes to keep within doors,' and she tells her absent lord of the preparations made apparently by a neighbor—'great ordnance within the house'—'bars to bar the door crosswise, and wickets in every quarter of the house to shoot out at, both with bows and hand-guns.' Savages could hardly live in a greater distrust of each other. Let now the poet of chivalry describe another scene:

'Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad-men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel I trow,
And with Jedwood axe at saddle bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall;
Such was the custom at Branksome Hall.'

This also is all changed now."

"The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, and the Philanthropist," is a Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Address, dedicated to John Pickering, the lawyer and philologist, Judge Story, Washington Allston, and Channing. Of some of the formative influences of the artist's life he thus writes:—

"ALLSTON.

"In youth, while yet a pupil of the University, his busy fingers found pleasure in drawing; and there is still preserved, in the records of one of our societies, a pen-and-ink sketch from his hand. Shortly after leaving Cambridge, he repaired to Europe, in the pursuit of art. At Paris were then collected the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, the spoils of unholy war, robbed from their native galleries and churches, to swell the pomp of the imperial capital. There our artist devoted his days to the diligent study of his chosen profession, particularly the department of drawing, so important to accurate art. Alluding to these thorough labors at a later day, he said 'he worked like a mechanic.' Perhaps to these may be referred his singular excellence in that necessary, but neglected branch, which is to art what grammar is to language. Grammar and design are treated by Aristotle as on a level.

"Turning his back upon Paris, and the greatness of the Empire, he directed his steps to Italy, the enchanted ground of literature, of history, and of art,—strewn with richest memorials of the past,—filled with scenes memorable in the story of the progress of man,—teaching by the pages of philosophers and historians, vocal with the melody of poets,—ringing with the music which St. Cecilia protects,—glowing with the living marble and canvas,—beneath a sky of heavenly purity and brightness,—with the sunsets which Claude has painted,—parted by the Apennines, early witnesses of the unrecorded Etruscan civilization,—surrounded by the snow-capped Alps, and the blue, classic waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The deluge of war, which submerged Europe, had here subsided; and our artist took up his peaceful abode in Rome, the modern home of art. Strange change of condition! Rome, sole surviving city of Anti-

quity, who once disdained all that could be wrought by the cunning hand of sculpture,—

'Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem: vivos ducent de marmore vultus'—

who has commanded the world by her arms, by her jurisprudence, by her church,—now sways it further by her arts. Pilgrims from afar, where neither her eagles, her praetors, nor her interdicts ever reached, become the willing subjects of this new empire; and the Vatican, stored with the precious remains of antiquity, and the touching creations of a Christian pencil, has succeeded to the Vatican whose thunders intermingled with the strifes of modern Europe.

"At Rome he was happy in the friendship of Coleridge, and in long walks in his instructive company. We can well imagine that the author of *Genevieve* and the *Ancient Mariner* would find especial sympathies with Allston. We behold these two natures, tremblingly alive to beauty of all kinds, looking together upon those majestic ruins, upon the manifold accumulations of art, upon the marble, which almost spoke, and upon the warmer canvas,—listening together to the flow of the perpetual fountains, fed by ancient aqueducts,—musing together in the forum on the mighty footprints of history,—and entering together, with sympathetic awe, that grand Christian church, whose dome rises a majestic symbol of the comprehensive Christianity which shall embrace the whole earth. 'Never judge of a work of art by its defects,' was one of the lessons of Coleridge to his companion, which, when extended, by natural expansion, to the other things of life, is a sentiment of justice and charity, of higher value than a statue of Praxiteles or a picture of Raffael.

"In England, where at a later period our artist passed several years, his intercourse with Coleridge was renewed, and he became the friend and companion of Lamb and Wordsworth also. Afterwards, on his return to his own country, he spoke with fondness of these men, and often dwelt upon their genius and virtues."

Responses from the Sacred Oracles, or The Past in the Present. By Richard W. Dickinson, D.D., author of "Religion Teaching by Example," &c. Carter & Brothers.

THE favorable reception of "Religion Teaching by Example" has induced Dr. Dickinson to continue his labors in the same department of sacred literature—deducing the great truths of faith and practice from the character and conduct of individuals, as recorded in the Sacred Scriptures. A brief extract from the article "*Factitious Religion*" will suggest the character and tone, as well as the style of the work.

"In the fancied superiority of their own intellectual attainments, some may consider it (the Bible) as nothing more than a record of deeds, which denote an ignorant, obstinate, and superstitious people; still it is a truthful and faithful history of human nature, and hence invaluable as a guide in all our religious and ethical inquiries, and indispensable to a true knowledge of ourselves. Nor let it be thought, as infidelity has insinuated, that it is a monotonous record of acts void of interest to the present age, and of characters that differed in no essential point of view. Nowhere can greater variety in character be found, not excepting the *dramatis personæ* of Shakspeare himself; nor is there an individual at the present day, who has not his prototype in the historical Scriptures. Even Shakspeare was indebted to his acquaintance with the Scriptures, not less than to his own observation, for his knowledge of human nature. He will, indeed, give a knowledge of the world in all its glory and in all its littleness, its honesty and its tricks, its loves and hates, its joys and sorrows, its follies and foibles; he will throw a spell around our hearts, and lead us to look on one another, and all the men and women in the world, as but players; but to the Bible must we go to behold ourselves as we are,

and life as it is in solemn earnest—something more than a dumb show, and men something higher than puppets—nothing less, in fact, than actors in a stupendous drama, which has its issues, not when the drop-curtain of death falls, but when the trumpet sounds to summon man to judgment. Here, as in a mirror, may we see the part which we are individually acting, the interest we are to secure, the changes we are undergoing, and the dangers to which we are exposed. There are men, now, who answer to the prophets and kings of old; places and objects, now, corresponding to the unhallowed groves and the accursed idols; there is, too, a murder of the heart, and there is a death shadowed forth by the end of a life which is forfeited by sin."

This is the clue to the work. In twenty articles, beginning with "*The Sons of the First Man*," and ending with Agrippa, "*The almost persuaded*," the great rules of Christian morals—the principles of religious truth—the promises of divine encouragement, and the earnest and eloquent exhortation and rebuke of the sincere preacher, are strikingly suggested by biographical and historical facts, in the *Sacred Writings*—which, if they were not intended to furnish such instruction, would hardly seem to have been worthy of record.

Like the previous work, of which it might well be considered a second volume, its articles are not essays, nor sermons, nor orations, but in freshness, evangelical unction, and eloquence, they partake of the qualities of them all. We think this work a more successful effort than that, while they are both written in that catholic spirit which will commend them to the devout of all religious denominations.

The Wide, Wide World. By Emily Wethe-
rell. Putnam.

THIS is a very excellent example of the now common class of religious novels. The heroine is a little girl, whose mother is forced to leave, for the healing influences of a foreign climate, her native land, while her child is placed by her father in the care of Miss Fortune, a New England spinster of most vinegar composition. There is no let up to her severity. She is, however, sketched with considerable humor, and several scenes of rude country life are presented in a very agreeable style. This discussion of the pros and cons touching a contemplated "Bee," would not do discredit to the pages of *Mary Clavers*.

"As a general thing the meals at Miss Fortune's were silent solemnities; an occasional consultation, or a few questions and remarks about farm affairs, being all that ever passed. The breakfast this morning was a singular exception to the common rule.

"'I am in a regular quandary,' said the mistress of the house when the meal was about half over.

"Mr. Van Brunt looked up for an instant, and asked 'what about?'

"'Why how I am ever going to do to get those apples and sausage-meat done. If I go to doing 'em myself I shall about get through by spring.'

"'Why don't you make a bee?' said Mr. Van Brunt.

"'Aint enough of either on 'em to make it worth while. I aint a going to have all the bother of a bee without something to show for.'

"'Turn 'em both into one,' suggested her counsellor, going on with his breakfast.

"'Both?'

"'Yes—let 'em pare apples in one room and cut pork in 'other.'

"'But I wonder who ever heard of such a thing before,' said Miss Fortune, pausing with her cup of coffee half way to her lips. Presently, however, it was carried to her mouth, drunk off, and set down with an air of determination.

"I don't care," said she, "if it never was heard of. I'll do it for once anyhow. I'm not one of them to care what folks say. I'll have it so! But I won't have 'em to tea, mind you; I'd rather throw apples and all into the fire at once. I'll have but one plague of setting tables, and that. I won't have 'em to tea. I'll make it up to 'em in the supper though."

"I'll take care to publish that," said Mr. Van Brunt.

"Don't you go and do such a thing," said Miss Fortune, earnestly. "I shall have the whole country on my hands. I won't have but just as many on 'em as 'll do what I want done; that'll be as much as I can stand under. Don't you whisper a word of it to a living creature. I'll go round and ask 'em myself to come Monday evening."

"Monday Evening—then I suppose you'd like to have up the sleigh this afternoon. Who's a-coming?"

"I don't know; I ha'n't asked 'em yet."

"They'll every soul come that's asked, that you may depend; there aint one on 'em that would miss it for a dollar."

"Miss Fortune bridled a little at the implied tribute to her housekeeping."

"If I was some folks I wouldn't let people know I was in such a mighty hurry to get a good supper," she observed rather scornfully.

"Umph!" said Mr. Van Brunt; "I think a good supper aint a bad thing; and I've no objection to folks knowing it."

"Pshaw! I didn't mean you," said Miss Fortune; "I was thinking of those Lawsons, and other folks."

"If you're a-going to ask them to your bee you aint of my mind."

"Well I am though," replied Miss Fortune; "there's a good many hands of 'em; they can turn off a good lot of work in an evening; and they always take care to get me to their bees. I may as well get something out of them in return if I can."

"They'll reckon on getting as much as they can out o' you, if they come, there's no sort of doubt in my mind. It's my belief Mimy Lawson will kill herself some of these days upon green corn. She was at home to tea one day last summer, and I declare I thought—"

"What Mr. Van Brunt thought he left his hearers to guess."

Without laying claims to an elaborately planned plot, the story is not devoid of interest, and its religious teachings are worthy of all praise for their gentleness and earnestness, and the happy manner in which they are introduced. The author's chief fault is diffuseness. She tells a story or describes a scene with a woman's indiscriminate minuteness. The consequence is, that the reviewer, hardened to novel reading, gets over her two sizable volumes at a rate which she would hardly think complimentary. The book would stand a great deal of compression—a fact the author would do well to bear in mind, if disposed for another experiment on the public. But this is a common and characteristic trait of the novel literature of the day, particularly of English literature; and, we may add, of this especial class of religious fictions. So that the Wide, Wide World, in taking a canvas proportional to the text, is by no means unique.

Poems. By S. G. Goodrich. Putnam.

WERE Mr. Goodrich's merits as a poet less than they are, he would still be entitled to the freedom of Parnassus, for his excellent services in times past to the Muses. He is the father and patron of illustrated American pictorial literature in the popular form of the *Annals*, which, in due season attaining their majority, now live in their descendants in the *Magazine* enterprises of Graham and Godey.

The Token has passed away. Not so the materials of which it was composed. Some of the best verses of living books, to say nothing of the exquisite prose-poems of Nathaniel Hawthorne, are taken from its pages. The most of the present collection, we believe, originally appeared there. They are now revived with delicate vignette and other illustrations, chiefly from the pencil of Billings. Some of these are exquisitely touched, and their characteristic merits faithfully rendered by the engraver.

Of the poems, the longest is the *Outcast*, the story of a murderer self-exiled to the wilderness. It contains some spirited descriptions of nature. His love for his brute companions of the forest—the love of a nature softened by sorrow, is thus beautifully indicated;—

"And oft at morn, the mocking-bird
Doth greet me with its sweetest lay;
The wood-dove where the bush is stirred,
Looks from its cover on my way.
I would not break the spider's thread—
The buzzing insect dances free;
I crash no load beneath my tread—
The lizard crawls in liberty!
I harm no living thing; my sway
Of peace hath soothed the grumbling bear—
The wolf walks by in open day,
And fawns upon me from his lair."

For an eloquent apostrophe to the Forest, which follows, we must refer the reader to the text.

We notice as the latest of these poems, one entitled *Remembrance*, in commemoration of Mrs. Osgood, written for Mrs. Hewitt's promised volume, "The Memorial."

Home Ballads: a Book for New-Englanders. By Abby Allin. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.

Kriss Kringle's Christmas Gift. Same author and Publishers.

A PECULIAR library could be formed, already, of works of native origin, in which, while the requirements of art and the last excellence of style might be neglected, there would be found traits of original observation, racy sketches of character, and a general flavor of the soil. These books are dear to us—as we are sure they should be to our countrymen, because they belong to home, acknowledge our American residence as lying within the great circle of human nature, and do infinitely more to cultivate whatever is best and kindest in our character than "re-prints" to the crack of doom. Welcome, then, Miss or Mistress Allin, who, in the happiness of an observant nature, is not afraid to speak and write of what she sees about her, and who can moralize a simple incident into so agreeable a picture as that of

THE LITTLE SPINNER.

I sat beside a cottage hearth.
A wheel was standing near;
A little infant whirled it round,
Then started back in fear.

Methought the mystic wheel of life,
Was whirled by that fair child;
And fast the ever lengthening cord
Was on the spindle piled.

At first the thread was smooth and white,
No spot nor wrinkle there!
For innocence the wheel did turn,
For life's immortal heir.

Soon coarser grew the rolling thread,
Uneven grew the skein;
And passion with its crimson dye,
Began to leave its stain.

And louder yet the spindle whirled,
And quick the wheel flew round,
And fast upon the spool of life,
Her thread, the spinner wound.

She sang a fairy-echo song!
Which maidens love to sing;
As turned the wheel she little dreamed,
What magic it would bring.

The ever sunny tinge of love
Entwined its golden hue;
And sweeter then the maiden sang,
And soft the spindle flew.

A little space of iris dye,
Then dark the colors grew;
The spinner works with restless hand,
And tears the skein bedew.

The fluffs grow thicker, and the rolls
Are broken here and there;
The skein hath lost its even gloss,
Beneath the touch of care.

The marring knot of self is seen,
And doubt its mildew leaves;
So oft affliction strains the thread,
The weary spinner grieves.

The last roll trembles in her hand,
When death, with ready knife,
Cuts off the band which binds the wheel—
Thus ends the thread of life!

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 8vo. Geo. S. Appleton.

WE lately noticed the holiday edition of the *Paradise Lost*, published by this house. To that great work has just been added the *Paradise Regained* and *Minor Poems*; and we have now before us, in a goodly octavo of some nine hundred pages, the entire *Poetical Works of John Milton*, including the Latin Poems, with the life and all the notes of the six volume London edition, by Sir Egerton Brydges. The typography is of great elegance. We know of no edition, either abroad or in this country, more desirable for familiar use. The notes at the foot of each page are full and frequent, and always with the taste and feelings of the poetical student—for such, above all men, was Sir Egerton Brydges.

Greek Ollendorff; being a Progressive Exhibition of the Principles of the Greek Grammar. Designed for Beginners in Greek. By Asahel C. Kendrick, Prof. of the Greek Language and Literature in the University of Rochester. Appleton & Co.—This book provides for the student of Greek what Ollendorff has done for the living languages, and, in the hands of a good instructor, is an available help to an appreciative study. It is an introduction to the tongue, less comprehensive than the general works on French, supplying exercises for reciprocal translation, and a methodical exposition of principles. In these days of Free Academies a work of this kind will secure attention—its practical use depends upon the tact and labor of the teacher.

Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine-Work, and Engineering.—This valuable and complete work of its kind has reached its 21st number. The last article is *Indicators*. The number of illustrations of machinery, many of them very elaborate, already exceeds twenty-three hundred, or more than a hundred on an average in each number of the work.

Silliman's Journal.—The November number contains Sir David Brewster's Address before the British Association, and the Abstract of the most important scientific papers read at the last meeting of the body. Prof. Page gives a description of his new electro-magnetic machine, and a summary of experiments made in connexion with it. A very singular effect on the size of the secondary spark was observed by Prof. P. He says: "In experimenting with my great magnet a new property of the secondary spark has been discovered, and some very interesting facts elicited. I will premise that the helix nearly a foot in diameter each way, when charged by the battery, draws up within it a vertical position a huge bar of iron, weighing three hundred pounds, through a distance of ten inches, presenting by far the most powerful magnet ever known. When the current with the helix is suddenly broken, a secondary spark is produced eight inches in length. * * * The most interesting feature of this spark is the modification of its form, and sound by the action of magnetism. When the

spark is produced at a distance from the magnet, it is readily elongated to six or eight inches, and, I presume, might be obtained a foot or more in length if the wires were separated with the velocity of a cannon ball, as suggested by my friend Mr. Lane. In this case there is little or no noise made by the spark, but as the spark is produced nearer to the magnetic pole the sound increases, until at last, when close to the pole, each spark makes a report as loud as a pistol. The spark also diminishes in length, and is spread out as large as the palm of the hand. There is an effect here somewhat analogous to that produced by a magnet upon the arc of flame between charcoal points.

The Youth's Coronal, by Hannah Flagg Gould. Appleton & Co.—The playful muse of this favorite author has often attracted the young in her larger volumes; here it is exclusively employed for their amusement through the whole of a most delightful little book, the tripping metre of which is familiar with the pleasantest objects. Ballads, songs, stories in quaint and cheerful style embody the best moralities and reflections.

The Little Messenger Birds; or, the Chimes of the Silver Bells, by Mrs. Caroline H. Butler. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—These chimes have the right ring for Christmas. Santa Claus himself is bell-ringer on the occasion, and right pleasant is our introduction to his budget of stories, through the pictures, in the beginning of the book, of his various store houses and manufacturing shops of toys, bonbons, and other small furniture. Mrs. Butler writes with zest and freshness, dedicates her book to her children; while publisher and engravers keep pace with her good performances in an excellent style of printing and wood cuts.

Cousin Hatty's Hymns and Twilight Stories. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.—Another genuine contribution to the stock of American child's books, a volume of simple verses written for a very dear child. The best topics are naturally and pleasantly presented, in company with very pretty pictures, and, a good thing, there are plenty of them.

History of My Pets, by Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—These pets were Keturah, the cat; Sam, the cockerel; Toby, the hawk; Hector, the greyhound; Bob, the cosset, and the rest of the "happy family"—and their histories and adventures are very cheerfully related by Grace Greenwood. Mr. Billings's illustrations are neat and cleverly handled, and with the good idea of the volume will keep the "history" a favorite for many holidays.

The Diverting Historie of Reynard the Fox, newly edited and done into English by "Quiet George," with numerous engravings by Grandville. Willoughby & Co.—A neat little volume, telling over again, for children, the once universal animal story of Europe, Reynard the Fox, which there has been quite a disposition to revive of late years in various costly and other publications. The humors and characters of animals are the studies of men, and never were they more characteristically painted than in this history, which has the gusto in the little volume before us of M. Grandville's (the French illustrator) sketches of the actors and incidents of this old Court story, which is still a novelty for the young readers of America.

Religious Thoughts and Opinions. By William von Humboldt. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.—This is a selection of the more general and valuable portions of Humboldt's "Letters to a Female Friend," prepared by the able conductors of the series of "Small Books on Great Subjects," now publishing in London. It is the fine product of a finely cultivated mind, the hidden thought and reflection of a great scholar and statesman, freely expended in the unreserve of a correspondence with a cultivated lady, touching upon points of morality and conduct, with, diffused through all, a subtle spiritual reflection, which gives constant power and life to the sentiment.

Memoir of William R. Fales, the Portsmouth Cripple. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—The religious memoranda and letters of an inmate of the

Portsmouth (R. I.) Almshouse, exhibiting the triumphs and consolations of the Christian faith over severe bodily infirmity.

The Christian Philosopher Triumphant over Death. A Narrative of the Closing Scenes of the life of William Gordon, M.D., of Kingston upon Hull. By Newman Hall. Phila.: Longstreth.—Like the last, a picture of Christian resignation in severe affliction.

The Family and Ship Medicine Chest Companion; a Compendium of Domestic Medicine, &c. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—The object of this work—which is of a comprehensive character, including surgery, materia medica, &c.—is to furnish an available manual to heads of families, ship captains, overseers of plantations, and others, who are likely to be called upon in the absence of the physician. It is compiled from various sources, as the works of Savory, Coxe, South on several of its subjects, Thomson's Management of the Sick-room, and Dr. Thomas Bull's Maternal Management of Children.

Graham's Magazine—Sartain's Magazine, for 1851. Dewitt & Davenport, Agents.—These popular home magazines leap into the New Year with a spirited effort of authors, designers, engravers, and publishers—the latter understanding the secret of success in continually renewed enterprise. New improvements in engravings are introduced; a soft, delicate print in colors of the Seasons in Sartain; a new vignette, with a mezzotint of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and a line engraving of Macleise's "Moses for the Fair," with an abundant series of woodcuts illustrating the text of contributors. Mrs. Kirkland constantly employs her always spirited pen on this publication. Graham has a sheaf of engravings, an illustrative vignette from a design by Gilbert of London, a genuine Paris fashion plate of the latest style, and a picked array of contributors from the most available writers of the day. The elegant pictorial covers of these magazines are other improvements on previous years.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ OF BOOKS NOT REPRINTED HERE.

(Prepared from the Best Authorities.)

Anthology for the year 1782—[Anthologie, &c.] By Friedrich Schiller. Newly edited, with introductory Essay and Appendix, by Edward Bülow. Heidelberg, Bangel & Schmitt; London, Williams & Norgate. A few words will suffice to inform those who delight in German classics of the republication, after a pause of nearly seventy years, of Schiller's "Anthology for 1782." In this volume they will recognise a document of some importance in the poet's history. He published it with a fictitious imprint while still fretting at Stuttgart under the control of the Duke of Württemberg,—soon after "The Robbers" came out:—and it is said to have been the immediate occasion of that escape to Mannheim in 1782, which was a decisive turning point in his destiny. The Duke, it will be remembered, assumed the right of criticizing his subject's literary productions,—and commanded him, on the appearance of "The Robbers," to submit all future compositions to his judgment:—an order which was not obeyed. The disobedience was aggravated in the sovereign's eyes by the style of some pieces in the Anthology; which was, in truth, sufficiently harsh and daring to alarm critics of the legitimate school. The Duke angrily forbade Schiller to publish anything in future except on the subjects belonging to his (medical) profession. Hereupon the poet fled:—it was, indeed, time.

The original of this *corpus delicti* has long been extremely scarce. The critics of Schiller's works have not hitherto paid much attention to the poems in this volume which were excluded from the later collections; nor have they sufficiently noticed the alterations made by the author in those which are reprinted, among the compositions of his "first period." Foreign biographers appear for the most part to have known this volume by description only: and by some of them its existence even is not expressly mentioned. Thus, as some thirty

out of the whole number of fifty-two poems which Schiller contributed to it have never since been reprinted, its revival may serve a more considerable object than that of merely gratifying the natural curiosity of the poet's admirers.—(Athenæum.)

Ancient Art and its Remains; or a Manual of the Archaeology of Art. By C. O. Müller. New Edition, with numerous additions by F. G. Welcker. Translated from the German by John Leitch. A. Fullarton and Co.—This very able book has reached a second edition, of which the improvements are so numerous and great as to constitute it almost a new work. All the additions in the last German publication, in part derived from the MSS of the author (now deceased) and in part contributed by the editor, Professor Welcker, are of course here reproduced. But Mr. Leitch has also been enabled, by the liberality of the latter distinguished scholar, to enrich his English volume with a quantity of matter not contained in the German, and received while the translation was passing through the press. This English translation, therefore, is in fact more complete and comprehensive than any German edition of Müller's manual that has yet appeared. The manual is divided into two portions, necessarily of very unequal bulk. In the first the theory of ancient formative art is briefly developed. The author here presents an analysis of his idea of art, a *resumé* of the simplest and most general laws of art, an enumeration of the divisions of art, and general reflections on the historical appearance of art. To these topics is subjoined an outline of the modern literature of ancient art, distributed into three eras—the artistic from 1450 to 1600, the antiquarian from 1600 to 1750, the scientific from 1750 to the present day. There are two great subdivisions of the second portion of Müller's Manual—the history of art in antiquity, and the scientific treatment of ancient art. The former is principally directed to a history of Greek art from the earliest period to the middle ages; but an appendix supplies notices of the art of nations not of Greek race—of the Egyptians, the Syrian races (Babylonians, Phœnicians, &c.), and the Asian races. It is to this part of the work that the most extensive additions will require to be made when the Nineveh remains have been thoroughly studied. The other subdivision of this second portion of the work contains, prefixed to it, a notice of the geographical distribution of the monuments of ancient art. It consists of two parts—one devoted to tectonics, including architecture, furniture, and utensils, the departments in which the artistic is subordinate to the utilitarian principle; the other to sculpture and painting, in which the artistic principle is all in all. This, the chief subject of the work, is treated first technically; then in relation to its sensuous or visible beauty; and lastly, with reference to the objects natural or ideal represented by it. The Manual, in short, is a combination of a condensed *exposé* of the principles and history of ancient art, with a *catalogue raisonné* of all the known remains of ancient art, and of all that has been published relating to it. The principles and history are unfolded in the text; and lists of works are appended to every paragraph or section into which the text is divided.—(Examiner.)

LITERARY GOSSIP.

LAMARTINE has just completed a continuation of his "Girondins," in four volumes, to be called *L'Histoire du Directoire*; and his publishers promise another novel shortly, *Le Tailleur de Saint Points*. Other items of French gossip are, a forthcoming *Histoire des Montagnards*, by Armand Marrast, and the publication, by the Père Lacordaire, of an introduction to a work called *Le Monde Occulte*—a revelation of the mysteries of magnetism by means of somnambulism.

A new journal of promise, says the *Leader*, has appeared in Germany, called the *Deutsches Museum*, edited by Prutz and Wolfsohn. "The virile energy of these editors may be estimated by the fact, that they reject all contributions from

Ladies? The avatar of the female mind in German Literature is comparatively recent, but it would appear from the interdict that the 'evil' has grown serious, and needs 'putting down.'

Lord Morpeth has proffered his services to give two lectures at Leeds, one on the "Poetry of Pope," and another on his own *Travels in America*, to the members of the Leeds Mechanics' Institute.

Bulwer, besides the continuation of "The Caxtons" in *Blackwood*, has another fiction in the hands of Bentley, to be out this winter; and he is also said to have a new version of his *England and the English* in progress, incorporating the fruits of the sixteen years' experience he has had since that work first appeared.

The long-promised work by George Borrow—"LAVENGRO; THE SCHOLAR, THE GIPSY, AND THE PRIEST," is announced for December.

The Angel's Song, A Christmas Token, by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, illustrated by Harvey, is published by Sampson Low.

The title of Thackeray's new Christmas Book is "THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE," drawn and written by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh.

PENDENNIS is completed by the publication of Parts 23 and 24.

Carlyle is a contributor to Leigh Hunt's new journal.

Mr. Calhoun's manuscripts, it is stated, are to be purchased for the South Carolina Legislature, for the sum of \$10,000.

The New York Typographical Society has determined to celebrate the approaching anniversary of the birthday of Franklin by an appropriate festival, and Judge Edmonds has consented to deliver an address on the occasion.

A correspondent, whose judgment is well assured in the premises, writes us of the success of Arthur's "Home Gazette," a new American family journal published in Philadelphia:—"Arthur has made a great hit. His paper has run up in circulation with unprecedented rapidity. I wish him joy of his success, for a kinder and more generous heart I do not know than this same T. S. Arthur. Unpretending as his long continued efforts have been, he will be found to have made his mark near the core."

A new weekly paper entitled, from the name of the proprietor, "Parker's Journal," has made its appearance. Its form and arrangement are that of the late "Two Worlds," with a general resemblance to Morris's "old Mirror." It has a wood engraving of the 4to. size, by Matteson, of the "First Interview between Washington and his Mother after the Revolution."

The Dollar Newspaper, of Philadelphia, is publishing a new "prize" tale by Mr. Myers, author of "the First of the Knickerbockers," entitled "Bell Brandon; or, the Great Kentrip Estates—a Tale of New York in 1810," for which a premium of two hundred dollars was paid.

A specimen sheet of the new edition of Shakespeare, to be published in Boston by Munroe & Co., and edited by Mr. Hudson, has been issued. It promises a very beautiful typography, with a sufficiently full, and certainly a forcible exposition of all difficulties of the text, editorial comments, &c., from its editor. The introduction to the "Tempest" is at once full and concise, and the notes will be to the purpose. The model of this edition is the Chiswick, which, from an accident by fire, has been long out of the market. This will supply its place in every excellence of type and printing. It is of the 12mo. size, to be completed in eleven volumes, the first of which will be issued immediately.

The following further memorandum of Messrs. Appleton's new enterprise in Broadway, which we find in the *Courier*, is worthy of chronicle, as a step in the accommodation of the arts to business purposes—the union between the two having just been discovered in Broadway to be more intimate than heretofore commonly supposed:—"Messrs. Appleton's new building is twenty feet wide and one hundred and sixty feet deep; it is six stories

high above the pavement, and two stories below. The front is of the finest brown free stone, cut in the Romanesque style of architecture, with arched window frames extending from the second through the front of the third story, with massive caps, and a heavy cornice cut in stone over the whole. In the centre of the building, there is a large and brilliant skylight, through which the light penetrates to the lowest ground floor. The lower stories are warmed by furnaces; and the whole building is abundantly supplied with the Croton. Over the front entrance to the building a niche has been prepared for a bas-relief, in bronze, from a design by H. K. Browne, representing the various trades and professions deriving knowledge from a venerable man, holding an open book. The figures will be nearly the size of life. Passing within this entrance, we see the principal room of the store—spacious, lofty, and lined in the centre of the front part, with tables and counters for the display of books, while the shelves on the side are separated in the form of alcoves, and stored with books. Further back is a spacious area, beyond which are the various business offices. The floor below is devoted chiefly to the wholesale department; and all heavy boxes and bundles pass out to the street from below."

An important scientific work is in preparation by Prof. Gillespie of Union College, entitled "The Philosophy of Mathematics," translated from the French of Comte, and accompanied with notes for the use of the American reader. This will appear, in the course of the season, from one of the publishing houses in New York.

We continue our extracts from the "Notes of Correspondence" in Bryant's *Evening Post*:

"A friend says: 'In a volume recently published, I was looking over a poem written in alternate rhymes, when I came to a line ending with the word "childhood." The rhyme to this, said I to myself, will, I am perfectly sure, be "wild wood." It was so. Ever since Campbell wrote his "Exile of Erin," "wild wood" has been the invariable and inevitable rhyme for "childhood." There is no escaping it; the two terms stick together like substance and shadow. A friend of mine, an enterprising youth, who makes notes from the magazines, assures me that he has already collected seventy-nine instances in which "childhood" has dragged "wild wood" into the verse by the head and shoulders, and has great hopes of making the list a hundred, before it is finished.

"What I wish to state through your journal, for the benefit of my distressed countrymen, the American poets, is, that they are submitting to a necessity which exists only in imagination. There are plenty of rhymes for childhood, quite as good, in every respect, as the one which they are in the practice of putting to such hard service. Here is an example; a little poem, the name of which I have not yet decided upon. I have thought of calling it "A Poetical Address to Two Children on a Woodpile," but the objection to this is, that it is too large a title for so short a poem:

"You restless imps of childhood,
What are you doing there?
Come down from off that piled wood,
Or I'll be in your hair.
These pea-nuts have been styled good,
Take some of them, my dears;
And thank the giver's mild mood,
Who does not box your ears."

"There, I make over these rhymes to anybody who is embarrassed in the search for an ending which jingles with the word "childhood." If more are wanted, will you please to say that they can be furnished from the same quarter. I shall be amply repaid for my trouble, if those who write verses about childhood will discharge the wildwood, and let it go about its business."

A fine specimen of "making the most of it" is given in the following account by a London letter writer, of a trick played upon the Bishop of London, in the publication of his recent charge:—"On Thursday last a brace of those energetic and enterprising specimens of the peripatetic pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, commonly called Pe-a-liners, went out to Fulham, and, repre-

senting themselves as being accredited from the morning London journals, prevailed upon the Rt. Rev. Charles James to allow them to make six copies of the intended Charge of Saturday so as to avoid the errors incidental to haste and short-hand. He consented, the conditions being that the copies were to be there and then made and returned to him, he to deliver them back to the reporters after the Charge should be spoken on Saturday. Accordingly the copies were made, and duly deposited with the prelate, who felicitated himself on having secured unerring fidelity in the publication of his composition, semicolons and notes of exclamation included. But brief are all sublunary joys. On Friday night the episcopal peace of the palace of Fulham was broken by a cab-load of gentlemen of the press demanding instant conference with the bishop, who, mayhap, thinking that Pius and Wiseman were coming to Putney by water in the fourpenny steamer, with a view to take him in the flank either by way of Battersea or Vauxhall Bridges, and that the newspapers had sent off to apprise him of his danger, immediately admitted the representatives of the tremendous Fourth Estate. In these individuals he was not slow to recognise a very different class to Cobbett's type of a gentleman of the press—a fellow with a snub nose and a dirty shirt, and his reception was at once gracious and impressive. They had come for his Charge. Charge?—what a relief! But he had already arranged all about that:—six copies had been made; were then in his possession; and it was quite impossible that a line of it could leave his hands until he had finished speaking it. Judge of the holy man's horror on being told that it was already in type; that it was on its way per post to Perth and Penzance, Carmarthen and Clonakilty; and that, if he wished it to appear as it ought to do in the London papers of Saturday, he must hand over the original without loss of time, and think himself particularly obliged by its acceptance. The secret of the matter was this:—The worthy pair first referred to had contrived to take a seventh copy along with the stipulated six. This they sold to one of the religious weekly journals of Saturday, sent copies (of course with the proper pecuniary precautions) to such of the provincial papers as were deemed eligible, and then attempted to bargain with the morning papers touching second editions. Their charge for the Charge, however, was so enormous that the Thunderer flared up most electrically, and so did the other matutinals; and, suspecting the nature of the attempted 'sell,' the matter was probed to the bottom, and the journey to Fulham was the upshot. The prelate, poor innocent, could hardly credit that human depravity had attained such demoniac debasement as to humbug a bishop before his face; and no doubt it was exceedingly scandalous behavior in persons who, unlike his lordship, are obliged to try to appear honest on less than £80,000 a year, or thereabouts, for there's no knowing exactly how small is the pittance the bishop is obliged to put up with. Nor could he bring himself positively to believe that he really was diddled so effectually as represented till on walking into the vestry, after the Charge, where some two hundred clergymen were assembled, a weekly paper was put into his hands containing his effusion, with a commentary upon it! Hardly had his eye of astonishment been covered with the lid of resignation, when in comes one of the couple of culprits, and asked, with all the simplicity of guileless candor, for the six copies for the use of the morning papers' second editions, per arrangement at Fulham. "Oh, perfidious man!" loud cried the Lord C. J., brandishing the damning typographical evidence of rascality under the nose of the traitor, who seemed to be suddenly taken with the all-overishness of Virgil's nervous gentleman in a somewhat similar predicament—*obstupuit, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus hæsit*. The caittiff fled, amidst a yell that sounded none the less catawompously cannibalish for being the whoop of sacerdotal philanthropists by profession:—fled, but the penance of his Peckeniffery outsped his flight, after a fashion which those ini-

tiated in the Juggernaut justice administered by hoaxed journalists will appreciate, on referring to the caution that has appeared every day this week at the head of *The Times'* notice to correspondents."

TO AN ENEMY.

SEARCH thy heart, O cruel foe !
Clasping malice to thy breast,
Banishing thine inward rest,
Seeking means to lay me low.
Never have I done thee wrong—
Wrong in word, in look, or deed ;
Never in thy frequent need
Shunned thee like the selfish throng.
Have I not thy griefs allayed,
When the world did vex thy heart,
Turned aside each poisoned dart,
Sun-like, chased away the shade ?
Ever was my scanty board
Open to thy keen distress—
Means to clothe thy nakedness,
And a place at my poor board.
Pitying thy state forlorn,
I have fought against thy foes :
For thy sake borne cruel blows,
Braved reproof and worldly scorn.
Gratitude I did not seek—
Friendship cannot kindness rate—
But thy recompense of hate
Dimmed my eye and paled my cheek.
Coldness first, then groundless blame ;
Fierce reproaches undeserved ;
Curses that my soul unnerved ;
Reckless fury's scorching flame.
'Twas a shock I scarce could bear :
Now, my sorrow is subdued,
And in peaceful solitude
I do breathe for thee a prayer.
Wretched man ! review the past,
Cleanse with grief thy darkened years ;
And with floods of bitter tears
Quench the firebrands thou hast cast.
Steep thy soul in meek regret,
And in holy calmness live—
All thy hatred I forgive :
Teach me also to forget.

G. M. R.

Day of Thanksgiving, 1850.

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Two dark-haired maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm sad brows and raven hair,
And one was pale, and both were fair.
"Bring flowers," they sang, "bring flowers un-
blown,
Bring forest blooms of name unknown,
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the Child.
"Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that Death may seem like Sleep ;
And fold his hands, in sign of rest,
His waxen hands, across his breast.
"And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivalet's side,
And blue-birds in the misty spring
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.
"Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken band that oft around
His waggish eyes in mirth he wound.
"But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet ;
"And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye ;
All these will haunt us till the heart
Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall start.

"The bow, the band shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust ;
But he whom, from the sight of men,
We hide in earth, shall live again ;

"Shall break these clouds, a form of light,
With nobler mien, and clearer sight ;
And in the eternal glory stand,
With those who wait at God's right hand."—
(*Graham's Magazine* for Jan.)

[Correspondence of *London Athenaeum*, Nov 23.]
THE CENTRAL REGIONS OF AFRICA.

I AM happy to be able to inform you that the great expedition in the north of Africa has been more successful than that in the south to explore Lake Ngami. Letters from Dr. Barth and Dr. Overweg inform us of their having accomplished the journey over the Great Desert of Sahara, and of their arrival near the frontiers of the kingdom of Air, or Asben (Air is the modern Tuarick, and Asben the ancient Sudan name), the most powerful in that part of Africa after Bornu, and never explored by Europeans. On the 24th of August, the date of their last letters, they were at Taradshit, a small place, which, from itineraries sent by Dr. Overweg in a former letter, and from the positions of Mursuk and Kano, I place in about 20° 30' N. L., and 9° 20' Long. E. of Greenwich.

From my former communication (see ante, p. 835) it will have been seen that the two travellers left Mursuk on the 12th of June, leaving Mr. Richardson at that place to await the Tuarick escort from Ghat. Much delay was caused by this circumstance; especially as Hatita, the well known Tuarick chief, is now an old and decrepid man, able to travel only at a slow pace, so that the journey from Mursuk to Ghat, which is generally accomplished in twelve days, occupied them thirty-six. They were, however, compensated by the discovery of some extremely curious rock-sculptures in the Wady Telissare, about twenty English miles west of Wady Elauwen, which is about 110 English miles west of Mursuk, roughly estimated. One of these sculptures consists of two human bird and bull-headed figures, armed with spears, shields, and arrows, and combating for a child. The other is a fine group of oxen going to a watering-place, most artistically grouped and skilfully executed. In the opinion of both travellers, the two works bear a striking and unmistakable resemblance to the sculptures of Egypt. They are evidently of very high antiquity, and superior to numerous other sculptures of more recent date found by the travellers, in which camels generally formed the principal object. They most probably relate to a period of ancient Lybian history when camels were unknown in that part of Africa, and oxen were used in their stead.

The travellers also collected much information relative to the general physical character, geology, and natural history of the region between Mursuk and Ghat. From the former place westward the country was found to ascend as far as beyond Wady Telissare; whence it descended into the deep Wady Talja, which runs from north to south, in a direct parallel with Wady Ghat, from which it is separated by a range of steep hills. This range, as well as the culminating portion of the table-land to the east, consists, like that found between Tripoli and Mursuk, of black sandstone, with substrata of limestone and marl. The summits of these sandstone ridges form a pointed, sharp-edged, knife-like crest, which it is out of the question to think of ascending or going along. Of fossil remains, orthoceras, brachyopoda, &c., were found.

With respect to the botanical character of this part of Africa, a greater abundance of gra-

mineous plants was found in the rich Wadis than had previously been met with. Of trees, the talha and letheb had taken the place of the date-palm, which was not seen beyond Tessauna, about two days' journey west of Mursuk. Water was plentiful in the wells: even pools, remaining from the last rains, were met with in some of the Wadis which are generally dry. Flocks of "poulets de Carthage," attracted by the water, so precious in these regions, as well as numbers of small birds, gazelles, hares, foxes, and dormice, enlivened the surrounding country. In the larger Wadis, near Ghat, numerous traces of wild asses were noticed.

The expedition arrived at Ghat on the 17th July, and at Taradshit on the 22d of August. Of their stay at the former place, their transactions with the Tuaricks, and their journey to the kingdom of Air, further particulars may be expected shortly.

I may add that his Majesty the King of Prussia has been pleased, at the instance of the Chevalier Bunsen and Baron Alexander von Humboldt, to augment the funds of the two travellers by a grant of 1000 thalers.

FINE ARTS.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.

ACCORDING to announcement the annual distribution of this Institution took place at Tripler Hall, on the evening of the 20th inst. From the completeness of the arrangements and the facility of accommodating the immense throng of spectators in this capacious hall, the proceedings went on without the least delay or interruption. The President, Mr. Cozzens, in his address, gave additional dignity and interest to the more immediate business of the evening, by introducing the topics of the enlargement of the Capitol Building at Washington and the consequent necessity for the highest artistical effort, for both beauty and utility—a field for the now rapidly developing talents of our countrymen in the Fine Arts—as well as by the introduction of the Industrial Exhibition of 1851 at London, and the part to be played in it by Americans. Mr. Raymond's report was, as usual with his compositions, straightforward, business-like, and energetic. He stated the subscriptions of the year to be 16,310; and put in a novel light this annual art appropriation of \$80,000, by showing it to be equivalent to the establishment of a Fund of more than a million of dollars, the yearly income of which should be divided amongst American artists. Mr. Austen the Treasurer's Report exhibited an expenditure for paintings and engravings of \$69,150, an exceedingly large proportion of the subscriptions of the year.

The retiring section of the Committee of Management, including the President, were then re-elected, and the drawing proceeded, under the immediate supervision of the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, and the popular direction of Jas. T. Brady and Mr. Joseph Blunt. A novelty in the construction of the wheel was a plate glass front, and a series of interior shelves, by means of which the tickets were shaken, in view of the spectators, to the utmost possible variety. Five hundred tickets were drawn; the members immediately succeeding each of them receiving one of the five hundred additional medals. The Dream of Arcadia, by Cole, was considered the most valuable work on the catalogue: it was drawn by Samuel Westcott, Jersey City, N. J.; Durand's fine landscape, in imitation of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," fell into the hands of Mr. Frank

Moore, son of the Postmaster of San Francisco, and brother of the librarian of the New York Historical Society, the latter body thus keeping up its prestige of good luck for its members; Leutze's "Knight of Sayn" was drawn by Mr. A. H. Throckmorton, Freehold, N. J.; Hineley's "Disputed Game," by Mrs. Newkirk, of Grand Street; Glass's "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza," by Mr. H. B. Potter, Buffalo, N. Y.; Kensett's "Waterfall," by Mrs. W. H. Wilson, Hudson, N. Y. The official account of the distribution, the reports, &c., will soon be forwarded to the members of the society in an extra number of the Bulletin. A number of subscriptions, we understand, failed to reach the rooms of the Art-Union, known to be on their way from distant quarters, in time for the drawing.

All who appreciate the objects of this Institution should forward their subscriptions at the beginning of the year, a course which would add to the efficiency, and relieve the directors of one half of the always great anxiety and care in the management of this large Institution. Fortunately, it possesses now a few prominent members willing to make personal sacrifices; but this cannot always be relied upon. The pressure should be equally borne by all the participants in the benefits of this Art-Union. It is too late now to remedy this for the past year, but had it been regarded in time, the subscription list would have shown an aggregate of 25,000. The members for 1850 are, all of them, fortunate, in sharing in the largest returns, we believe, ever given to the individual subscribers by any institution of this kind.

FINE ART GOSSIP.

VIRTUE'S *Art Journal* for December completes the twelfth volume with full details of the preparation for the Industrial Exhibition on the Continent, its usual proportion of Fine Art Manufacturing papers, and two subjects from the Vernon Gallery, engravings of Sir W. Allen's "Arabs Dividing the Spoil" and Lane's "Enthusiast," the well known gouty old angler baiting a wash tub. This Journal has now reached a circulation of 18,000. Twenty thousand will be printed of the January number, which will doubtless be sustained, if not exceeded during the year, from the preparations making by the publishers with respect to the illustration of the great Exhibition and every branch of artistic effort. Subscriptions are received by Mr. Virtue, 26 John street, to whom the orders of the trade and others should be addressed early to secure the work—which will be in great demand at the opening of the Exhibition.

Brady, Davignon, and Lester's "Gallery of Illustrious Americans" has completed its first part with the 12th number, a portrait of Lewis Cass. The selection of portraits thus far has been unexceptionable in point of interest and importance, and the execution has afforded several of the best specimens of lithography yet offered in this country.

"The Universal Picture Gallery" is the title of an Album of Wood Engravings of superior merit, with letter-press comment, published by Willoughby & Co., of London, and to be had of their agencies in this city. It comprises engravings from the works of the best masters, ancient and modern, including such subjects as Ary Scheffer's "Francisca of Rimini" and "Faust and Margaret," Mücke's "Translation of St. Catharine," Rembrandt's "Duke Adolph of Gueldres," MacIse's "Paul Potter's Studio," Kaulbach's "Scene from Schiller's Robbers," &c., &c., to the number of forty. This is a design we have long desired to see carried out, and trust this beautiful and well edited volume will be the precursor of many such to enable the people, through the improvement of wood engraving and painting, to become acquainted with the works of the best masters. We recommend this as one of the cheapest and most agreeable holiday presents of the season.

We learn from the *Art Journal* that the Goethe Inheritance, the collection of objects of Art, &c., of the great master in house at Weimar, is to be disposed of. Its history is involved with that of his writings, furnishing motive and subjects for his books. It consists of a series of about 5000 medals and coins, of rare interest, of upwards of a hundred specimens of Majolica of the best style and period, of bronzes, terracottas, and carvings in wood and ivory, antique and of the best Italian and German work, a collection of antique gems purchased by Goethe himself in Italy, upwards of 2000 prints and engravings, for the most part rare and fine impressions, more than 5000 original drawings, among them an album of portraits from life, of distinguished men, princes, poets, and artists, who formed the circle of Goethe's friends; and lastly, a collection of minerals, fossils, and objects of natural history of more than 6000 specimens. A catalogue raisonné of the whole has been published by Fromman, the bookseller at Jena; and is, in itself, so interesting and characteristic of the poet, that it should form a part of the series of his works. The whole property is to be sold at once, and in one lot, for a moderate sum, and those who wish to treat for the purchase are desired to address themselves by letter to the Baron Walther von Goethe, at Vienna. What an opportunity for the formation of a rare National Museum by the large and wealthy German population of this city!

Charles Schorn, a distinguished painter of the German school, died on the 7th October, at the age of forty-seven years. He was born at Dusseldorf, and studied under Cornelius, at Munich. His paintings are of the *genre* class, "Monks and Soldiers Carousing at a Tavern," "A Group of Puritans," "Paul III. Contemplating the Portrait of Luther," "Salvator Rosa among the Brigands," a Cartoon of "The Conversion of Slaves by St. Beno," for a painted window of the Cathedral of Ratisbon. Professor Schorn was employed by the King of Bavaria in the formation of the Munich Gallery.

M. Alexandre Fragonard, the eminent French painter and sculptor, has just died. He was a pupil of David. As a statuary, his great work is the frontispiece of the old Chamber of Deputies; and, as a painter, he executed several fine pieces, amongst others a ceiling of the Louvre, representing Tasso reading his "Jerusalem."

Among the novelties for the Exhibition of 1851, a contribution from Vienna is spoken of to consist of four rooms of a palace, each appropriately furnished and decorated. The material is a peculiar Indian wood, rather lighter in color than rosewood, and sculptured in the most artistic manner, after the chastest designs of eminent artists. The bedstead alone costs no less a sum than about £1200, and the cost of the other articles is in proportion.

The passage at the conclusion of the following, from a Vienna correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, touches upon a point recently alluded to in this journal—the habit of artists in reproducing their own pictures:—"The copying of Titians, Tintorets, Veroneses, and of other great painters of the Venetian school, or of those whose works have found their way to Venice, is carried on to a vast extent in this city: indeed, it is the principal occupation of the resident artists, and it may be said, the only one in which they display any striking merit, as their original works, on the whole, are unmistakable proofs of decadence. The copies are nearly all commanded by foreigners; and the Russians and the English are the best customers. The Venetian painters laugh among themselves at the impudence of certain *milords* and *boyards*, who give £50 or £100 for a copy of a great work, pay a varnisher to bestow on it the stains and appearance of age, and then pass it off in their mansions as an undoubted original, worth thousands. Several English noblemen and gentlemen were mentioned to me as having been guilty of this pious fraud; but, of course, I don't believe anything of the kind! *Apropos* of copying, the Italian artists, unlike those of England and France, Germany and Belgium, make no hesitation in giving any number of copies, or,

rather, repetitions, of their own works. Thus, Schiavone has, at this very moment, no fewer than eight Penitent Magdalenes on the easel, all reproductions of one of the most admired pictures, painted some time ago; and Marchesi, the Milanese sculptor, also repeats his works again and again. The old Italian masters, we know, acted on this plan; and hence it is that we have so many originals of the same subject; but it vastly diminishes the value of any work, shows great poverty of invention, and almost sinks the artist to the level of the tradesman."

THE DRAMA.

AN incident of the week prompting some curious reflections is the performance of an act of an opera in costume, at TRIPPLER HALL, without the aid of scenery: carrying us back to the primitive periods of dramatic entertainments. It would be a novelty to have an entire play represented as in the days of Shakspeare; we are not sure but that the audience must be made more thoroughly acquainted with the play itself, than when confused by the shifting of faded and ill-painted broadsides of canvas. It is a scheme worth trying.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE has a master of comic pantomime in M. Espinosa, and an admirable danseuse, Mlle Franck (with the efficient aid of her sister and Mlle Adeline), in a new ballet.

At BURTON'S, a new comedy, announced as original and American, has put forth its head from among the foreign bushes by which the stage is overgrown and overrun: "Married an Actress," by title.

The event of the present week is the opening of BROUGHAM'S LYCEUM, in Broadway; of which, its appointments, promises, and performances, we shall be able to speak more at large in our next.

The performances at NIBLO'S for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund Association, although sufficiently comprehensive in attractions, were not so well attended as heretofore. In all friendliness to that Institution, we suggest that its managers have allowed or compelled it to be too exclusively English in its construction to secure as much of sympathy as it deserves. Its plan is good, and we believe it has been well managed: but if it purposes to serve the dramatic interest thoroughly, it must associate itself with the national home interests of the place—a hint to be profited by in all public enterprises of the kind.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Mr. Macready's performances at the London Haymarket are fast drawing to a close. They have called forth, as usual in the case of actors who respect the literary art themselves, some very fine criticism. There are those among our readers whose old recollections of the PARK THEATRE will be pleasantly revived by this sketch of Mr. Macready's *Virginian*, which we find in the *Examiner*:—"What a beautiful play it is: and what a perfect representation—a picture of the most natural emotions drawn from the highest sources of art—is Mr. Macready's *Virginian*. With what surprising genius he brings out the historical truth of the legend, in the simplicity and strength of the one master-feeling of the rude yet gentle soldier—paternal affection. As, in the early scenes, he rallies Virginia on her love; as he stands gazing on her with silent smiles while others praise her; as his tongue tells Dentatas she is a plague, and his heart contradicts him in his look; as his tones deepen into quivering pathos when he betrothes her; as the very effort to conceal his suffering marks its overwhelming intensity, when told of the suit of Claudius against her; as he recalls her mother in her face when they claim her as the daughter of a

slave; as he confronts Appius with a father's awful passion; as, in that terrible forum scene, he runs with noble fervor through every chord of national and manly sympathy, but touches all in vain, and hopeless and helpless, humbles himself at last to pray for a little time before they take Virginia from him; as he seems to hope against hope in the short pause that ensues; as his eye wanders round bewildered before it rests on the knife; as he pauses, and looks, and kisses her, and stops again before he can strike the fatal blow, and, rising after it in that terrific posture of vengeance, devotes the Decemvir to the infernal gods; the singleness of feeling, the affectionate simplicity of the part, is never lost sight of for an instant. From even the last act, where the now childless Virginius still fancies himself a father, wanders through his house calling for her, wonders she has not come to greet him with a kiss, and talks with her in 'phantom sounds,' we are taken back to the happy scenes at the opening of the play. The most awful and the most gentle emotions of the tragedy are thus inseparably connected, and sweetness given to even the horror of the catastrophe. The subsequent revenge on Appius, and the reawakening of reason over the urn of Virginia, complete this gentle and noble picture. Surely anything more pathetic can never have been witnessed on the stage of any period."

"We have heard," says the *London Athenæum*, "with great satisfaction of a munificent offer made by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer at the close of some dramatic entertainments which he has been giving at Knebworth—the performers consisting of the company of amateurs who usually play under the managerial direction of Mr. Dickens. Sir Edward proposes to write a play, to be acted by that company at various places in the United Kingdom—the proceeds to form the germ of a fund for a certain number of houses to be further endowed for literary men and artists; and the play itself, if we understand rightly, to be afterward disposed of for the benefit of the fund. Sir Edward will likewise give in fee, ground on his estate in Herts for the erection of such asylum, rest, retreat, or whatever else it may be determined to call the residence in question. The actors—to whom a conspicuous share in this good work will be due, hope, we understand, to take the field in the Spring of next year."

FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

With the increasing prosperity of the city, and the chronicle of its luxuries and amusements, it is satisfactory to know, by such glimpses as that which follows, that the cause of the lowest is not neglected. The scene occurred in the evening of Thanksgiving day, at a mission school at the *Five Points*; a festivity due to the generosity of our large hotels, and a few benevolent individuals. The superintendent, Mr. North, thus writes to the *Courier and Enquirer*: "For the first time within the memory of the 'Old Brewery man,' Thanksgiving festivities took place at the *Five Points*."

"Looking into the school room you would have seen a long table spread with 'good creatures,' vying in luxury with the 'tables of the great,' whilst gathering alternately around it were the smiling faces of two hundred children, neat and tidy, who a few months ago were in beggary and want, uncared for and unpitied. There, sir, were no *languid tastes*, no *sickly appetites*, but, ready for the onslaught, they went into the turkey, goose, chicken, beef, bread, oranges, raisins, pies, and cakes, with a determination to enjoy, for once in their long history of privation, something better than 'cold victuals.'"

"At the close of the supper, addresses were made to the children, and a Thanksgiving hymn was sung, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Pease."

We quoted in our last number a paragraph from the *Cincinnati Gazette*, attributing the phrase, "a wise and masterly inactivity," usually assigned to Calhoun, to John Randolph. A correspondent of

the *National Intelligencer* (F. M.) now assigns it to an English source:—"This phrase has been curiously enough the subject of frequent and repeated notice and criticism in your paper and in other journals, and yet no one appears to have recollected, or to have been willing to take the trouble to point out, that it was used by Sir James McIntosh in his celebrated defence of the French Revolution against Edmund Burke, and will be found under the 'section 1' of the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' where, discoursing on the questions how the 'States-General' were to vote, &c., Sir James says:—"The Commons adhered inflexibly to their principle of incorporation. They adopted a provisory organization, but studiously declined whatever might seem to suppose legal existence, or to arrogate constitutional powers. The Nobles, less politic or timid, declared themselves a legally constituted order, and proceeded to discuss the great objects of their convocation. The Clergy affected to preserve a mediatorial character, and to conciliate the discordant claims of the two hostile orders. The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in "a wise and masterly inactivity," which tacitly reproached the arrogant assumption of the Nobles, while it left no pretext to calumniate their own conduct, gave time for the increase of the popular fervor, and distressed the Court by the delay of financial aid." To which another correspondent (B.) replies by carrying the sentiment up to Dean Swift:—"It originated long before the time of either of the persons who have been named in connexion with it. The phrase was used by Dean Swift, but he wrote it 'wise delay,' the very same in substance, and perhaps better expressed. It may be found in one of his letters to Dr. Arbuthnot, in reference to the conduct of a certain officer on a particular occasion, and in which he remarks that he (the officer) had saved his country (from a war) by his 'wise delay' in the execution of orders, which, if he had strictly obeyed, would have prevented the peace which the delay enabled the parties afterwards to effect. I, therefore, award the prize to the Dean."

A correspondent of the *Courier* has sent to that journal a copy of Washington's reply to an address of the New Yorkers on occasion of the Evacuation of the City in 1783. Its blessing and prophecy should be remembered as we count the progress of this great city.

WASHINGTON'S REPLY.

To the Citizens of New York who have returned from Exile:—

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you sincerely for your affectionate address, and entreat you to be persuaded that nothing could be more agreeable to me than your polite congratulations. Permit me in turn to felicitate you on the happy repossession of your city.

Great as your joy must be on this pleasing occasion, it can scarcely exceed that which I feel at seeing you, gentlemen, who from the noblest motive have suffered a voluntary exile for many years, return again in peace and triumph to enjoy the fruits of your virtuous conduct.

The fortitude and perseverance which you and your suffering brethren have exhibited in the course of the war have not only endeared you to your countrymen, but will be remembered with admiration and applause to the latest posterity.

May the tranquillity of your city be perpetual. May the ruins soon be repaired, commerce flourish, science be fostered, and all the civil and social virtues be cherished in the same illustrious manner which formerly reflected so much credit on the inhabitants of New York. In fine, may every species of felicity attend you, gentlemen, and your worthy fellow citizens.

G. WASHINGTON.

The history of the preservation of this document is given:—"The body of the document is written by a secretary, but is rendered invaluable by bearing the signature of the illustrious father of his country. It is written on a sheet of laid foolscap (upside down as it happened), with a rude watermark of St. George and the Dragon in one half

sheet, and the initials J. J. in the other, each encircled by a double ring. I was informed by the possessors—the Messrs. W. A. & A. M. WHITE, the eminent fur merchants in Water street, of whose counting-room it forms a most unexpected ornament—that it is an heir-loom of their family, derived from their maternal grandfather, THOMAS TRUCKER, one of the signers of the address, and upon whom devolved its composition, on the part of the returning citizens of New York. The reply of Gen. WASHINGTON remaining in his possession, he had a happy idea to prefix a copy of his own address on the remaining blank pages of the same sheet, which has insured the preservation of both papers in connexion."

Everything relating to Niagara has a certain interest. It is a perpetual lion which outlives entire races of Barnums, Tom Thumbs, Jenny Linds, and Hippopotami. These are the latest paragraphs touching the watery monster. It is from a late *Montreal Herald*. "Last week a feat of heroic daring, one that deserves more than a passing record, was performed above the falls of Niagara. Near the village of Chippewa, and about two miles above the Cataract, a boat with a little boy in it was seen drifting at a fearful rate down the current, just above where the swift waters plunge into terrible rapids through which no boat ever lived. Three young men, and their names are Joel Lyons, George Hoff, and Daniel Burnham, leaped into a boat which lay at hand, and pulling gallantly out into the turbulent stream, they caught the little skiff just as it was sweeping to certain destruction, and rescued from it the small mariner half dead with terror. The skiff disappeared in a moment, and the three heroes, with consummate judgment and coolness, pulled diagonally with the current for the shore, which they reached after a desperate struggle, having accomplished a feat unparalleled in the annals of Niagara river—no boat having ever reached and returned in safety from a point so near the rapids. The honor to which they are undoubtedly entitled from the Humane Society will seldom if ever have been conferred for an act of greater courage."

The *Niagara Falls Iris* says a portion of the rock at the Horse Shoe Fall, on the Canada side, fell with a tremendous crash a week ago last Tuesday. The part which fell was about ten rods long by four rods wide. It carried with it a canal boat which had been lodged upon it for some time. The *Iris* says, it seems "providential that it fell at this season of the year; for it is precisely the spot where so many continually passed to behold the waters of the cataract rushing terrifically over their heads, that is now filled with the huge masses of rock which have fallen." The appearance of the falls is said to be not in the least impaired.

"No man," says an intelligent writer in the *Oxford (Maine) Democrat*, "who loves his race can be indifferent to the Literature of his country. The connexion between Literature and Liberty is of the closest nature. Literature goes to make up the mind and the conscience of the people. It is not only the exponent of the public conscience, but it is also its creator. The life of every people is prolonged or shortened in exact proportion as good or bad elements enter into the composition of its conscience. We commend this truth to the conductors of all our popular Magazines and Literary Periodicals. We wish them well. We feel deeply interested in their success. They have the power of doing great good or great harm. If they will regard the mission of their country, imbue their souls with a love of liberty, of humanity, and of moral and social progress, their labors will prolong the life of their country, and bless the human race."

Jenny Lind has reached her American apotheosis at the Capital. The circumstances of the day, as set down by the correspondent of the *Evening Post*, are sufficiently entertaining:—"At an early hour this morning (Monday of last week) she was served with an invitation from the lady and daughters of the President, to appear at the White House. Receiving the summons in the sense in which it is conveyed in Europe, Miss Lind re-

marked to Mr. Barnum, that the 'commands' of their highnesses rather took her by surprise, as she was not yet well rested. Barnum, Benedict, and Belletti, were of her suite on this occasion. The President politely offered Jenny his arm, and showed in the different apartments of the executive residence, all that was worthy of observation. Mr. Barnum made some very instructive remarks upon the contrast between the republican simplicity which there surrounded Jenny and the President, and the regal luxury and grandeur of scenes from which he, Mr. Barnum, had drawn Jenny, in order to present her to the admiration of the western world. From the White House, Miss Lind and her friends repaired to the Capital and visited the Senate chamber. By the courtesy and gallantry of the President of that body, Hon. W. R. King, Miss Lind was induced to rest herself for a short period in his sitting-room. Whether there be anything in the report that Mr. King, who is a bachelor of an uncertain age, here offered the Nightingale the whole of his heart and half his chair in the Senate, cannot be known with any certainty, and, indeed, is no concern of the public. Miss Lind next went into the gallery of the Senate, and listened for a very short time to a speaker, who appeared to be humming in a style much less musical and vivacious than her own. From this scene, she quickly retired to the Supreme Court, where Mr. Clay was pleading a case before a full bench and crowded auditory, with all his accustomed vigor and eloquence. The name and station of the advocate were given to Miss Lind, who immediately showed the variety of her reading and her happy acquaintance with American politics, observing to Mr. Barnum, 'Ah! is not that great man who said he would rather be right than be President?' To which, having received an affirmative reply, the Nightingale added, 'that it was a noble sentiment, and she was delighted to see so famous an orator, and disinterested a man.' The songstress then withdrew from the capital, without visiting the House of Representatives, having been, perhaps, rendered a little timid by the English public and private accounts of that assembly, which represent it as little better than a collection of Yahoos. It must be admitted there is something solid in these attentions; they are so well backed up by specie payments. At the concert which followed this complimentary remark upon HENRY CLAY, the receipts are said to have exceeded ten thousand dollars. The President and his Cabinet were there, with Gen. Scott and his family.

Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, formerly matron of the Sing-Sing Prison and the projector of a partially successful scheme of female emigration to California, has become the proprietress of a fine farm near San Francisco, the crops on which, this season, are estimated to be worth \$60,000. The *California Courier* gives an account of a judgment by her in one of the Courts in San Francisco against Jos. S. Ruckle, for \$3,661 27.

Stephen J. Field, brother of D. D. Field, Esq., of this city, who commenced the practice of the law in Yuba Co., California, about a year ago, has been elected to the Legislature by a flattering majority.

"Letters have been received from Paris," says the *N. Y. Com. Adv.*, "announcing the death of John B. Greene, Esq., the well-known banker of that city, of the firm of Greene & Co. Mr. G. died on the 21st of November, in the 73d year of his age. He was a native of Concord, N. H., and had resided in Paris for about thirty-five years. He was universally esteemed, and few Americans have visited Paris who have not partaken of his hospitality. We are informed that the banking house will be conducted by the surviving partners."

The Lola Montes gossip is sustained by the following paragraphs from the Paris correspondent of the *London Atlas*:—"The great event of the religious world, and which has become the most favored subject of religious gossip, is the approaching conversion of Lola Montes by the Abbé Deguerry. It appears that the worthy abbé, in his zeal for the good of the church, had called upon

the fair Lola for aid in establishing the new Chapel of Augustine; and, with the tact for which he is so remarkable, had succeeded in engaging her attention upon religious subjects, and the conversation thus begun was found to be so interesting that the abbé remained the whole afternoon, and far, indeed, into the middle of the night, by the side of the new convert, and never left her till her heart was softened, and she had owned, with bitter tears, that all the idols she had worshipped with such fervor in this life had brought her naught but disappointment and despair. Before he departed the abbé took from his neck the cross and scapulary he wore, and the little reliquary containing a thorn from our Saviour's crown, and placed it round the neck of the repentant Magdalen, and bade her pass the night in prayer for help in the great work she had begun. The next day he returned again, and the next, and the next, until he now seldom leaves the house but for the accomplishment of his religious duties; and they say he is determined to have attained his great design of claiming her as his own before the festivals of Christmas. Such is the tale of Lola's occupations as given by the religious world, and one which meets with many believers among those who know the history of all the bitterness and disappointment, the persecutions and injustice to which, even amidst her grandeur, she has been subjected. Others, again, tell of more worldly motives for this mystery and seclusion; and this very week another of those tales to which her sojourn in every city in Europe has given rise has been afloat in Paris, a tale of strife and struggling, of violence and fighting in her presence between two Englishmen, accompanied on her part by terror and hysterics, and the fate of Dajarrier, the one great sorrow of her life. No wonder that it may be deemed possible that this tormented, troubled soul might be induced to seek repose within the bosom of the church; no wonder that the story of her approaching retirement to the convent of Chaillot may have found both supporters and believers here!"

The claims of the poetical and the utilitarian are happily indicated in this commencement of an article in the *London Times*. Its apology for fact probably astonished some of its grave mercantile readers. But the *Times* has too much respect for itself to be dull, and thus indirectly calls attention to its general artistic and sometimes even poetical treatment of subjects:—"It is no choice of ours that we are occasionally obliged to write articles in which every other line contains a sum total, in which the climax is tea or tobacco, and the flow of the sentences is disturbed by cwt.s., lbs., gallons, and such commercial denominations. The journalist is quite as apt to be sick of these vulgarities as any boarding-school miss or *petit maître* who may take up his paper. If we possibly could, we would submit the prosperity of the country to some intellectual or fanciful test that should astonish the mind like Newton's *Principia*, or captivate it like Macaulay's *History of England*. Indeed, the more we have to do with gross material things, the more satisfied we are that they do not constitute the whole of human good and public utility. It is impossible that anything so dry should be the all in all of journals and of statesmen, or that the title of *Pater Patria* should be fully and sufficiently earned by the man who has merely cheapened imports, filled mouths, and multiplied manufactures. But it is the hard necessity of our position—nay, it is the humbling condition of human nature, that we occasionally dwell on such grovelling affairs. The west end of this metropolis could not exist without the east, and in neither could the eloquence of Parliaments, the solemnities of public worship, the charms of domestic life, or any other natural or artificial grace continue to exist, without ships, and docks, and warehouses, and shops, and factories, and armies of clerks performing every day infinite operations in book-keeping. The material prosperity of the country must be reduced to material tests, and in the conflict of parties it is our duty to apply these tests as simply and intelligibly as we can. If in thus dealing in commercial quantities and

prices we submit to an evident necessity, we beg to say we are not much impressed with the beauty or the grandeur of our task; though we also beg to say we are as little impressed with the heroism of a political party which aims at nothing human or divine but a market for wheat at 56s. a quarter."

Mr. Benton's speech on the opening of a series of grand national roads to the Pacific is, as usual with his productions, not merely a pointed effort for the occasion, but full of suggestive collateral matters from personal observation and history,—of which the following is an example:—"There is an idea become current of late—a new-born idea—that none but a man of science, bred in a school, can lay off a road. That is a mistake. There is a class of topographical engineers older than the schools and more unerring than the mathematics. They are the wild animals—buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, bears, which traverse the forest, not by compass, but by an instinct which leads them always the right way—to the lowest passes in the mountains, the shallowest fords in the rivers, the richest pastures in the forests, the best salt springs, and the shortest practicable lines between remote points. They travel thousands of miles—have their annual migrations backward and forward, and never miss the best and shortest route. These are the first engineers to lay out a road in a new country; the Indians follow them, and hence a buffalo road becomes a war path. The first white hunters follow the same trails in pursuing their game; and after that the buffalo road becomes the wagon road of the white man, and finally the macadamized or railroad of the scientific man. It all resolves itself into the same thing—into the same buffalo road; and thence the buffalo becomes the first and safest engineer. Thus it has been here, in the countries which we inhabit, and the history of which is so familiar. The present National Road from Cumberland over the Alleghanies, was the military road of Gen. Braddock, which had been the buffalo path of the wild animals. So of the two roads from Western Virginia to Kentucky—one through the gap in the Cumberland Mountains, the other down the valley of the Kenhawa. They were both the war path of the Indians and the travelling route of the buffalo, and their first white acquaintances the early hunters. Buffaloes made them in going from the salt springs on the Holston to the rich pastures and salt springs of Kentucky: Indians followed them first, white hunters afterwards,—and that is the way Kentucky was discovered. In more than a hundred years no nearer or better routes have been found; and Science now makes her improved roads exactly where the buffalo's foot first marked the way, and the hunter's foot afterwards followed him. So all over Kentucky and the West; and so in the Rocky Mountains. The famous South Pass was no scientific discovery. Some people think Fremont discovered it: it had been discovered forty years before. He only described it, and confirmed what the hunters and traders had reported. It was discovered—or rather first seen by white people—in 1808, two years after the return of Lewis and Clark, and by the first company of hunters and traders that went out after their report laid open the prospect of the fur trade in the Rocky Mountains."

A correspondent (E. W.) has sent us "The Song of the Clerk," which we regret not being able to publish in full; but the writer should not have chosen the form of a parody of a poem so hackneyed as the "Song of the Shirt." In other respects he writes with feeling and fancy, and certainly has truthfulness on his side in his picture of the old clerk:—

THE SONG OF "THE CLERK."

Write! write! write!
From early dawn until night;
Write! write! write!
Till your cheeks are sunken and white;
The sweat rolleth not off your brow,
'Tis because the summer's not here,
But in its stead the writer's cold
Has brought a nose-dropping tear.

Write! write! write!
In a coat that is threadbare and old;
Write! write! write!
While your fingers are stiffened with cold;
Now lift your eyes from your books,
Their figures you see in the air,
For your poor old eyes have seen them so long
That they see them everywhere.

VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK
OF AN AMATEUR.

Third Batch.

WHEN I was in Malta in 1805, says Coleridge, there happened a drunken squabble on the road from Valette to St. Antonio, between a party of soldiers and another of sailors. They were brought before me the next morning, and the great effect which their intoxication had produced on their memory, and the little or no effect on their courage in giving evidence, may be seen by the following specimen. The soldiers swore that the sailors were the first aggressors, and had assaulted them with the following words: "—your eyes! who stops the line of march there?" The sailors with equal vehemence and unanimity averred, that the soldiers were the first aggressors, and had burst in on them, calling out—"Heave to, you lubbers! or we'll run you down."

Will some of your correspondents explain the origin of the phrase, "grinning like a Cheshire cat?" The ingenious theory of somebody, I forget who, that Cheshire is a county palatine, and that the cats, when they think of it, are so tickled that they can't help grinning, is not *quite* satisfactory.—*Notes and Queries.*

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S OPINION OF THE
POET LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

[From the original edition of the "New Timon."]

Not mine, not mine, O muse forbid! the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mockbird's modish tune,
The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
Outbidding Wordsworth, and outglittering Keats,
Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral chime
To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme!
Am I enthralled but by the sterile rule,
The formal pupil of a frigid school,
If to old laws my Spartan tastes adhere,
If the old vigorous music charms my ear,
Where sense with sound, and ease with weight
combine,

In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line;
Or where the pulse of man beats loud and strong
In the frank flow of Dryden's lusty song!
Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On "darling little rooms so warm and bright!"
Chant "I'm a-weary" in infect'ous strain,
And catch her "blue fly singing i' the
pane!"—

Though praised by critics, though adored by
Blues,

Though Peel with pudding plump the puling
muse,

Though Theban taste the Saxon's purse controls,
And pensions Tennyson while starves a *Knowles*,
Rather be thou, my poor Pierian maid,
Decent at least, in Hayley's weeds arrayed,
Than patch with frippery every tinsel line,
And flaunt admired—the Rag Fair of the Nine.

I never met an Irishman—and it has been my
lot to know some scores of them—who had not
been cheated out of a magnificent property, and
was related to half the peerage to boot.—*The
Daltons.*

It is full fifteen years ago that we asked an ac-
quaintance how he felt while a prisoner in Egypt!
but we remember the reply: "I felt like a book—
bound in Morocco."

There is a man living in the backwoods, who,
being invited to a New Year's dinner, ate so
much bear's meat that he went home and *hugged
his wife*—a thing he had never been guilty of
before.

An Irish attorney, not proverbial for his probity,
was robbed one night in going from Wicklow to
Dublin. His father, next day, meeting Baron
O'Grady, said—"My lord, have you heard of my
son's robbery?" "No," replied the Baron;
"*whom did he rob?*"

TRUE ENOUGH.—If a man were to set out by
calling everything by its right name, he would be
knocked down before he got to the corner of the
street.

HOMOEOPATHIC BEER.—Tie a sprig of hops to a
rat's tail—let the rat swim through a mill-pond,
then bottle the contents of the pond: "to be
shaken before taken."

A MUFF.—The following anecdote was told
with great glee at a dinner, by William IV., then
Duke of Clarence. I was riding in the Park the
other day, on the road between Teddington and
Hampton-wick, when I was overtaken by a
butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat
under his arm. "Nice pony that of yours, old
gentleman," said he. "Pretty fair," was my reply.
"Mine's a good one, too," rejoined he, "and I'll
trot you to Hampton-wick for a pot o' beer." I
declined the match, and the butcher's boy, as he
struck his single spur in his horse's side, exclaimed,
with a look of contempt, "I thought you were
only a muff."

A YOUNG JAPHET.—"My son, can you take a
trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger,
stepping from a boat on to the *levee*, to a ragged
looking youngster, who sat balancing himself on
the tail of a dray.

"Your son?" cried the boy, eyeing him from
head to foot. "Well, I'll be dod drabbed if I *ain't*
in luck. Here I've been tryin' to find out my
daddy for three years, and all of a sudden up comes
the old hoss himself, and knows me right off.
How are you?" stretching out a muddy-looking
paw.

The traveller was *non-plussed*. Between a
smile and a frown, he inquired,

"What is your name, sir?"

"My name? So you don't know? Well, it's
nothin' for people in these parts to have so many
children that they don't know their names. My
name's Bill, but some folks call me William for
short. What the other part is, I reckon you know.
If you don't, you mus' ax the ole 'oman."

And shouldering the trunk, he marched off to-
wards the hotel, mumbling to himself,

"Well, this is a go. The ole gemman come
home at last. Good clothes, big trunk, must have
the *tin*. Well, I *am* in luck."

RIVAL NOVEL WRITING.—A London paper says
Mr. G. P. R. James, on his arrival in America,
backed himself, for a large sum, to write ten novels
in less time than Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper will take
to write five. At the end of the first week, Mr.
James had completed four, and had got as far as
the two travellers on the fine summer's evening, in
the fifth, and was still, when the accounts left,
in excellent wind. At the same period, Mr.
Cooper had finished one only, and but just arrived
at the discovery of the hero's lost grandmother, in
the tribe of Esquimaux, towards the middle of a
second; the severe weight of the material, besides,
was beginning to tell, and he showed visible signs
of punishment. There can be little doubt of Mr.
James's winning his chivalrous wager.

PIUS ÆNEAS.

Virgil, whose magic verse enthalls—

And who in verse is greater—

By turns his wandering hero calls

Now *pius*, and now *pater*.

But when prepared the worst to brave—

An action that must pain us—

Queen Dido meets him at the cave,

He dubs him *Dux Trojanus*.

And well he changes thus the word

On that occasion, sure

"*PIUS ÆNEAS*" were absurd,

And "*PATER*," *premature*.—JAMES SMITH.

The only poetic rule in the arithmetic is the
Rule of Three in *verse*.

Got no Friend.—We were travelling through
Canada, says a contemporary, in the winter of
1839, and after a long day's ride, stopped at the
Lion Inn, and the contents of the stage, numbering
nine persons, soon gathered round the cheerful fire.
Among the occupants of the room we observed an
ill-looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking
up his quarters in so comfortable an apartment.
After a few minutes the landlord entered, and
observing the specimen of the canine species,
remarked—"Fine dog that! Is he yours, sir?"
appealing to one of the passengers. "No, sir."
"Beautiful dog! Yours, sir?" addressing himself to
a second. "No;" was the blunt reply. "Come
here, pup! Perhaps he is yours, sir?" "No;"
was the reply. "Very sagacious animal! Belongs
to you, I suppose, sir?" "No, he doesn't," was
the reply. "Then he is yours, and you have a
treasure (throwing the animal a cracker)." "No-
thing of the kind." "Oh! (with a smile) he
belongs to you, as a matter of course?" addressing
himself to the last passenger. "Wouldn't take him
as a gift." "Then, you infernal, dirty, mean,
contemptible whelp, get out!" With that, host
gave the poor dog such a kick as sent the animal
yelling into the street, amid the roar of the com-
pany."

A pitman entering a public house in Newcastle,
where an old man was seated near the fire, ac-
costed him with the customary salutation of "Gude
mornin'." The old man, however, paid no atten-
tion, and the pitman repeated his salute in a louder
voice. This time his lungs had effect: the old man
raised himself up, and taking from a capacious
pocket a trumpet of peculiar construction, put it to
his ear. Our honest pitman stood amazed, but,
after waiting with the most anxious expectation for
some moments, he exclaimed, with a disappointed
air, "Nay, man! it winna du: thee canna play
wi' thy lug."

"There's the poor Hardy Lee called again!" says
Mrs. Partington, on a trip to Boston. The wind
was ahead, and the vessel had to beat up, and the
order to put up the helm "hard a lee" had been
heard through the night. "Hardy Lee again! I
declare; I should think the poor creature would be
completely exasperated with fatigue; and I'm cer-
tain he hasn't eat a blessed mouthful of anything all
the while. Captain, do call the poor creature down,
or human natur can't stand it." There was a
tremor in her voice as indignant humanity found
utterance.

AGRICULTURAL.—A person looking at some
skeletons in an anatomical museum the other day,
asked a young doctor present where he got them.
He replied, "*We raised them.*"

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

HARPER & BROTHERS will publish in a few days
a "New Classical Dictionary of Greek and Ro-
man Biography, Mythology, and Geography,"
based in part upon the Dictionary of Biography
and Mythology by D. W. Smith; revised, with
numerous corrections and additions, by Charles
Anthon, LL.D. The English edition of this
work, as its title sets forth, contains those articles
in the larger "Dictionary of Biography and My-
thology" which fall within the range of students in
academies and colleges, sufficiently abridged, with
a copious and valuable account of ancient geogra-
phy from the most recent and reliable sources.
The work as thus prepared by the combined
labors of Dr. W. Smith and his brother, the Rev.
Philip Smith, one of the ablest contributors to the
new series of dictionaries, may well be regarded as
a valuable addition to the classical student's aids
in the prosecution of his studies; but its value has
been much increased in its revision by Dr. Anthon,
who has corrected many errors of commission and
omission, thus rendering this American far superior
in every respect to the English edition. The book
now forms a fitting introduction to Dr. Anthon's
large Classical Dictionary, a handsome tribute to
the merits of which, from the pen of the learned
and venerable Dr. Creuzer of Heidelberg, we pub-
lished in our paper last week.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. R. SMITH, J. T. DENT, JASON TAYLOR, J. W. ARMSTRONG, PERRIS LOCKE, W. RAMSAY, Dr. JOSHUA WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER R. LAWS, A. J. SMILEY.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Ala., is our General Travelling Agent for ALABAMA and TENNESSEE, assisted by B. B. BRETT.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our General Travelling Agent, for the SOUTHERN and SOUTH-WESTERN States, assisted by Wm. H. WELD, JOHN COLLINS, JAMES DEERING, A. KIRK WELLINGTON, E. A. EVANS, JAMES CLARK, P. LOCKE, and JOS. BUTTON.

FOR 1851.

(Commencing with the first week in January.)

THE LITERARY WORLD.

THIS Popular Journal, the first and only one of its kind successfully established in the United States, is especially devoted to the interests of the READING PUBLIC.

Its LEADERS embrace all subjects of general interest, handled in an independent style.

Its TALES AND SKETCHES are by the best writers of our own country, or selected from choice foreign sources not generally accessible.

Its CHRONICLE OF PASSING EVENTS is full and minute on all topics likely to interest the intelligent, embracing the LATEST INTELLIGENCE on all subjects of LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, DRAMA, POPULAR AMUSEMENT AND SOCIAL CHITCHAT.

Its LITERARY NOTICES aim at combining entertainment and piquancy, with the fullest and fairest exposition of every new book of value published.

The Proceedings of the various Societies for DISCOVERY OR RESEARCH throughout the country, are regularly reported in its columns.

It contains every week Lists of all Books published in this country, and a Descriptive Catalogue of valuable works published abroad and not reprinted here. This information cannot be obtained in any other single publication, and its value to ALL READERS need not be dwelt upon.

Its constant contributors are some of the most eminent authors of the country.

It is the aim of its conductors to issue a Weekly Journal inferior to none in America, in enlightened entertainment and efficiency.

The Literary World contains from twenty to twenty-four quarto pages, and is issued every Saturday, at \$3 00 per annum, *always in advance*.

E. A. & G. L. DUYCKINCK,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
157 Broadway, New York.

Littell's Living Age.—No. 346, 12½ Cts.
Commencing a New Year and a New Volume.

CONTENTS.

1. Augustus Neander.—*British Quarterly Rev.*
 2. The Urban Devastator.—*Spectator.*
 3. Battle of Hohenlinden.—*J. T. Headley.*
 4. Life and Maxims of La Rochefoucauld.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*
 5. Maurice Tierney, Chap. XVI. and XVII.—*Dublin University Magazine.*
 6. English Critics on American Songs.—*People's Journal.*
 7. Kings' Speeches and Presidents' Messages.—*Morning Chronicle.*
 8. Diplomacy—Nicaragua.—*London Times.*
 9. Prussia's True Policy.—*Daily News.*
 10. The German Quarrels.—*Examiner.*
 11. Cost of Arming Europe.—*London Times.*
 12. Union of the Austrian Empire.—*Do.*
 13. India.—*Spectator.*
 14. Brazil.—*Do.*
- Published weekly at Six Dollars a year by E. LITTELL & Co., Boston, and sold by DEWITT & DAVENPORT, Tribune Buildings, New York. d14 11

GEORGE P. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Splendid New Presentation Book.—Now Ready.

I.

THE MEMORIAL; AN ILLUSTRATED SOUVENIR.

Contributed by many of the most eminent writers of the day, and embellished by ten splendid engravings on steel from original designs by Cheney, Pease, Beckwith, Hopkins, &c.

Literary Contents of the Work.

INSCRIPTION. By John Neal.

Poem. By the Editor.

Fragment of an Unfinished Poem. By N. P. Willis.

Frances Sargent Osgood. By Rufus W. Griswold.

Letter from the Hon. R. H. Walworth, LL.D.

The Flight of the Falcon. By Mary E. Hewitt.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." By R. H. Stoddard.

The Angel of Death. By George Aubrey, Bp. of Jamaica.

Remembrance. By S. G. Goodrich.

The Snow Image: a Childish Miracle. By N. Hawthorne.

The Blessed Rain. By Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

My Friends. By Alfred B. Street.

The Resurrection. By George Lunt.

Admiration. By the Rev. E. L. Magoon.

A Mountain Castle. By John R. Thompson.

Relics. By James T. Fields.

The Pure Spot in the Heart. By G. P. R. James.

A Plea for Dreams and Apparitions. By Ernest Heifenstein.

Love and Death. By Augustine Duganne.

A Lament. By Mrs. Harrington.

Our Pearl. By Mary L. Seward.

Thoughts and Suggestions. By the author of "Acton."

The Prisoner of Perote. By Estelle Anna Lewis.

Cattle in Summer. By Mary E. Hewitt.

To a Picture. By R. S. Chilton.

"The Beautiful is Vanished." By C. D. Stuart.

The Rose Tree. From the German of Starke.

Leonora Thinking of Tasso.

Stanzas. By Mary E. Brooks.

Incidents of Life. By the Hon. J. Leander Starr.

"Our Friendship is a Vanished Dream." By Eliz. Bogart.

In Memory of Mrs. Osgood. By Emily Waters.

The Passage of the Jordan. By Alice B. Neal.

This choice and beautiful volume possesses the strongest claims of preference for the high, intrinsic merit of its literary contents, while its pictorial embellishments are unsurpassed by any similar production of its class. It forms one handsome octavo, bound in morocco gilt.

A Story of the Cape de Verdes. By the author of "Kailash." "The Berber." &c.

Fernside. By George W. Dawey.

To Him "whose Heart-strings were a Lute." By Sarah Helen Whitman.

A Story of Calais. By Richard B. Kimball.

My Garden. By Emma C. Embury.

Song. By George H. Boker.

Eleanor Wilmot; or, the Ideal. By Louise Olivia Hunter.

The Pilot. By Mary E. Hewitt.

The Waves. By Rayard Taylor.

Oblivion. By J. H. Hewitt.

The Phoebe Bird. By Caroline Chessbro'.
A Requiem. By Mrs. Richard B. Kimball.

A Reverie. By Rev. Ralph Hoyt.

Gifts for the Grave. By Elizabeth G. Barber.

Reminiscences of Venice. By Miner K. Kelogg.

A Memory of Frances Sargent Osgood. By William C. Richards.

Absence. By the Rt. Rev. George W. Doane, D.D., LL.D.

The Blind Fiddler. By Herman S. Saroni.

Song. By George P. Morris.

The Lost Bird. By William Gilmore Simms, LL.D.

The South of France. By Charles G. Leland.

Prometheus. By Anne C. Lynch.

Child and Blossoms. By Charles G. Eastman.

Sonnet—From the City. By Mary E. Hewitt.

Sonnet. By R. S. Chilton.

Three Midsummer Evenings. By E. Fanny Haworth.

Pygmalion. By Prof. Gillespie.

Rambles in Greenwood. By Frederic Saunders.

Life—Its Seasons. By Catharine Mathews Rhodes.

Moina. By Mary E. Hewitt.

II.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Heroines of Shakspeare.

Printed from the early sheets, by an express arrangement with the author.

THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of the "Concordance to Shakspeare."

TALE I.—PORTIA, THE HEIRESS OF BELMONT.

This work will be completed in fifteen monthly parts, each comprising a complete Tale, and forming altogether a beautiful series of imaginary biographies of the celebrated female characters of Shakspeare, prior to their introduction in his plays.

III.

DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

No. XXXVIII. PRICE 6 CENTS.

(Recently Published.)

IV.

IRVING'S DOLPH HEYLIGER, ILLUSTRATED.

BY J. W. EHNINGER,

4to. A series of Ten etched Designs, with the letter-press of this Tale from Irving's "Bracebridge Hall." Square 8vo., cloth gilt, \$4.

V.

MR. GOODRICH'S POEMS, ILLUSTRATED.

Beautifully embellished by forty exquisite designs, engraved on wood. Square 8vo., in cloth, extra gilt, \$2.

VI.

The Jenny Lind Gift-Book.

VALA:

BY PARKE GODWIN.

With Illustrations. 4to. cloth, gilt, \$2.

"A tale of exquisite beauty."—*Tribune.* "An attractive ornament for the parlor-table."—*Journal of Commerce.*

VII.

MR. BRYANT'S LETTERS OF A TRAVELLER.

Illustrated with splendid Steel Engravings. 8vo. morocco extra, or cloth, gilt.

VIII.

MISS COOPER'S RURAL HOURS.

Illustrated with beautiful Colored Engravings. 8vo. morocco extra, or cloth, gilt.

IX.

BERANGER'S LYRICS.

Illustrated with splendid Engravings on Steel. 8vo. morocco extra, or cloth, gilt.

X.

IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK, KNICKERBOCKER, TALES OF A TRAVELLER, &c.

Illustrated with Original Designs by Darley. Square 8vo. morocco extra, or cloth, gilt.

BOSTON.

NOW READY.

THE SECOND SERIES OF

The Lorgnette.

BY JOHN TIMON.

ONE VOLUME, CLOTH. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

With Six Illustrations by Marley.

I. PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

II. TOWN DRESSING-ROOM.

III. BOSTON STREETS.

IV. JOHN TIMON AT SARATOGA.

V. OLD BUCK AT THE SPRINGS.

VI. MAN ABOUT TOWN.

From among the Notices of the Press, we extract the following:

"Some dozen or more gentlemen have had attributed to them the honor of standing behind the incognito of this admirable writer. If Mr. Dodge should prove to be the veritable John Timon, he may congratulate himself on having laid the foundation of as permanent a reputation as any in our literature."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"The Lorgnette, by whomsoever written, is the best thing of the kind ever published in the country: it is superior in every respect to *Salmagundi*."—*Courier and Enquirer*.

"The author's vein is quiet humor, a refined and unexceptionable propriety of taste, and a style modelled on the admirable essays of the *Spectator*, or rather of the *Connoisseur* and *Idler*."—*Nat. Intelligencer*.

"Their finish of style, delicacy of wit, independence of thought, broad catholic spirit, and the higher eloquence in their occasional moralizing, are not to be found in combination, in any other work of the kind, this side the water."—*International*.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND, PUBLISHERS,

d28 tf

222 BROADWAY, N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED.

PRICE \$3 00. CLOTH EXTRA, GILT.

Mr. Bartlett's New Book for Christmas.

GLEANINGS, PICTORIAL & ANTIQUARIAN,

ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM," &C., &C.

This volume is illustrated with Twenty-seven Engravings on Steel, and numerous Woodcuts.

VIRTUE, SON AND CO.,

d25 tf

26 JOHN STREET, N. Y.

The Juvenile of the Season.

HISTORY OF MY PETS.

BY

GRACE GREENWOOD.

WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY BILLINGS.

Price Fifty Cents.

"Whoever buys this charming volume for a boy or girl, and finds the little reader sitting up later than usual, and positively refusing to go to bed till it is finished, must not be surprised or in bad humor at the obstinacy manifested in the juvenile will. Of all the story books yet launched this year we rank this one the superior. It is full of beauty, pathos, wit, and adventure, and is destined to live in the hearts of children long after our day."—*Boston Transcript*.

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, PUBLISHERS,

d28 3t

BOSTON.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF WORDSWORTH.

BY HIS NEPHEW,

REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D.,

Canon of Westminster,

AND EDITED AT HIS REQUEST,

BY PROFESSOR HENRY REED,

IS IN PRESS,

AND WILL BE PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE ENGLISH EDITION FROM EARLY SHEETS, BY

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS,

n23 tf

BOSTON.

A Favorite Holiday Gift-Book.

CHANTICLEER:

A THANKSGIVING STORY

THE PEABODY FAMILY.

"It is many a day since we have enjoyed so rich a treat afforded us by the perusal of this delightful little book. It possesses literary merits of the highest order, and will live in the affections of all readers of good taste and good morals, not only while thanksgiving dinners are remembered, but while genius is appreciated."—*Morning (Savannah) News*.

"It deserves a place by the side of *RASSERAS* and the *VICAR OF WAKEFIELD*."—*Parker's Journal (late the Two Worlds), New York*.

The Second Edition, plain and gilt, is now ready.

d28 1t

J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

PROGRAMME FOR 1851.

THE DAY BOOK

(DAILY AND WEEKLY),

Edited by N. R. Stimson and G. G. Foster.

The Editors of the Day Book believe that the general character of their Journal is already well understood in all sections of the Union. As the defender of the Constitution and the compromises upon which alone it could have been created, the Day Book inculcates not only a formal obedience to the laws passed in conformity to its provisions, but a hearty and brotherly kindness between the North and South, the East and West, in the discharge of their mutual obligations. The Day Book is impartial and independent in its criticisms of public measures and men. Especially is it intended to be the uncompromising enemy of those detestable cliques in New York and Albany which cripple and disgrace the political parties of the State.

The Literary, Miscellaneous, News, and Commercial Departments of the Day Book are conducted with express reference to the wants of the public, and free from every private or individual interest. An important and invaluable feature of the Day Book is its commercial department, in which may always be found a true account of

LIFE IN WALL STREET,

with sketches from nature of its Leading Men, its Intrigues, Corners, Operations, and Transactions. In this department institutions and acts are called by their true names, and public individuals characterized as they deserve, without fear or favor.

Among the original contents of the Day Book during the year will be a succession of articles, adapted to the season, consisting of

SKETCHES OF THE OPERA,

in the style of "Squints through an Opera Glass," with thorough and impartial criticisms upon Music and the Drama in all their various phases; with frequent notices of the Men, Women, and Events in the

FASHIONABLE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

In addition to these attractions, the Day Book will contain a series of

NOVELETTES OF SOCIETY,

continued from day to day, and frequent sketches of

CITY LIFE,

in the style which has given so wide a popularity to "New York in Slices," and "New York by Gas Light." Mr. Foster also continues in the Day Book his unique

"CITY ITEMS,"

commenced in the Tribune, and now sought to be imitated by almost every principal journal in the country.

Particular attention is bestowed upon the

CRITICISMS OF LITERATURE AND ART

in the Day Book, and the reader may be at all times certain of obtaining from them the REAL VALUE of the work or artist under discussion.

In a word, the great idea of the editors of the Day Book is to make it a complete and perfect

EVENING PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

THE WEEKLY DAY BOOK

Containing all the reading matter which appears in the daily paper, in a large and beautiful quarto, of forty columns, is mailed regularly every Friday to all parts of the Union, at

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

The price of the Day Book every evening is Five Dollars a year, or nine cents a week, delivered by carriers to all parts of the city and Brooklyn.

All orders must be addressed, free of postage, and inclosing the cash, to

STIMSON & FOSTER,
122½ Fulton Street, New York.

New York, Dec. 1850.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND
HAVE THIS WEEK PUBLISHED.
LIGHT AND DARKNESS:

OR,
MYSTERIES OF LIFE.
By CATHARINE CROWE,
Author of "Susan Hopley," "Night-side of Nature," &c.
Price 50 cents.

1. THE ACCUSATION.
2. THE MONEY SEEKERS.
3. THE MONK'S STORY.
4. ANTOINE CHEAULIEU'S WEDDING DAY.
5. THE BRIDE'S JOURNEY.
6. ADVENTURES AT TERM.

Very soon will be ready.

THE LORNETTE. Second Volume—comprising the Second Series of Twelve Numbers—profusely interspersed with characteristic illustrations drawn by Darley, under the author's suggestions, and engraved in the first style of the Art. Price, bound in cloth, \$1 25.
MARY MATURIN: a Story of Social Distinctions.
PETER THE WHALER. By Kingston.
THE WARWICK WOODLANDS. By Herbert.

Lately Published.

DAVID COPPERFIELD, complete, with all the Illustrative Engravings. Price 37½ cts.
GENEVIEVE; or, *Pennant Love and Sorrow.* By Alphonse de Lamartine. Second edition. Price 25 cents.
DINKS ON DOGS. By "Frank Forester." 63½ cts.
AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE. By Mrs. Grey. 25 cts.
THE LEGATEE; a very Nice Woman. By Mrs. Stone. 25 cts.
THE HEIRS OF GAUNTRY. 12½ cts.
DEBORAH'S DIARY. By the Author of Mary Powell. 12½ cts.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND,
d14tf 222 Broadway.

**AMERICAN EDUCATION,
ITS PRINCIPLES AND ELEMENTS.**

Dedicated to the Teachers of the United States,
BY E. D. MANSFIELD, Esq.
Author of Political Grammar, &c.

Table of Contents:

The Idea of a Republic,
The Means of Perpetuating Civil and Religious Liberty,
The Teacher: his Qualifications, his Teaching, and his Character,
The Idea of Science,
The Utility of Mathematics—The Utility of Astronomy,
The Utility of History,
The Science of Language,
Literature a Means of Education,
Conversation an Instructor,
The Constitution.—The Law Book of the Nation,
The Bible.—The Law Book from Heaven,
The Education of Women.

Price \$1.

Just published by A. S. BARNES & CO.,
51 John street.

Rev. Dr. Cheever's new Hymn Book.

CHRISTIAN MELODIES.
A Selection of Hymns and Tunes,

DESIGNED FOR SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP
In the Lecture Room and the Family.

The Hymns are selected and edited by Rev. George B. Cheever, and the Tunes appropriate are arranged by J. E. Sweetser, Organist and Leader of the Choir, in the Church of the Puritans.

No work of this kind can be more useful for Christian worship, either for the family circle, private individuals, or the Conference meeting. The Tunes (the good old and most enduring kind) are placed at the top of each left hand page—followed by three or four Hymns, which are selected as appropriate to each particular Tune.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

A. S. BARNES & Co.,
51 JOHN STREET.

n33

A SPLENDID GIFT BOOK.

THE IRIS:
An Original Souvenir for 1851.
Edited by Professor JOHN S. HART.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1. Presentation Plate, illuminated, | Schusele. |
| 2. Helen, engraved on steel, | Mote. |
| 3. Title, illuminated, | Schusele. |
| 4. The Iris Waltz, illuminated, | Schusele. |
| 5. The Mother and Babe, engraved on steel, | Heath. |
| 6. The Wreck, | do. do. |
| 7. The Lovers, | do. do. |
| 8. Tivoli, | do. do. |
| 9. Nannie, | do. do. |
| 10. Isabel, | do. do. |
| 11. The Witch of the Alps, | do. do. |

STYLES OF BINDING.

English Turkey Morocco, super gilt edges.
Calf and Turkey Morocco, sunk panel and bevelled.
Turkey Morocco bevelled, inlaid with Papier Maché.
Full Papier Maché, inlaid with pearl.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The "Iris" claims the honor of being the most splendid Annual published in America, and we have not the heart to question its pretensions.—*Christian Chronicle.*

The most splendid Gift Book of the season. The nature of the embellishments, the character of the literature, the talents of the editor, and the skill of the publishers, have all combined to produce superior elegance and excellence.—*Mrs. H. Sigourney.*

Nothing that taste and art, and the most refined literary abilities could accomplish, has been omitted in the effort to render this work worthy of the patronage of the American public. It is one of the most elegant, chaste, and brilliant literary productions we have ever seen.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

The volume is embellished with exquisite beauty, containing four brilliantly illuminated pages and eight line engravings, executed in the highest style of London art.—*Harper's Monthly.*

If, in your anticipations of Christmas and New Year, you want something peculiarly elegant and tasteful to gladden the heart of a relative, a friend, or a lover, you cannot be too early in securing a copy of this new Annual.—*Sartain's Magazine.*

Its superb binding and splendid illuminated pages make it as gorgeous as the ethereal prototype whose name it bears.

The literary contents are entirely original, and include contributions from the first talent of the country.—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

This day published, and for sale by all booksellers.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co.,
Successors to Grigg, Elliott & Co.,
d14tf No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

BALMES'S
Great Work on Civilization.

Just Published.

In one volume royal 8vo. cloth, \$2 00; Library Style, marbled edges, \$3 50.

PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICITY
COMPARED IN THEIR EFFECTS ON THE
CIVILIZATION OF EUROPE.

By the Rev J. BALMES.

This work was written in Spanish, and won for the author among his own countrymen a very high reputation. It has since been translated into the French, Italian, and English languages, and been very extensively circulated as one of the most learned productions of the age, and most admirably suited to the exigencies of our times.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Publishers,

178 Market street,
d74t BALTIMORE.



THE Subscriber would inform Authors, Publishers, and Printers, that he still continues to carry on the business of ENGRAVING ON WOOD, in all its branches. His facilities are such that he is enabled to execute all orders promptly, and in every style of the Art, upon the most reasonable terms; while the experience of many years enables him to feel perfect confidence in his efforts to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.
N. ORR, No. 151 Fulton street,
Jy29 3m New York

G. & B. WESTERMANN, BROS.,
FOREIGN BOOKSELLERS,
290 BROADWAY, CORNER READE STREET,
NEW YORK.

Have Published:

Wm. Odell-Ellwell's
**NEW AND COMPLETE
AMERICAN DICTIONARY**
OF THE
ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES,

WITH THE PRONUNCIATION AND ACCENTUATION

According to the Method of Webster and Helmsius, containing a concise Grammar of either Language, Dialogues, with Reference to Grammatical Forms, Rules on Pronunciation, &c., &c.

TWO PARTS.

pp. 890, large 12mo. bound in 1 vol. cloth, \$1 50.

"This dictionary is, in many respects, decidedly superior to those which have been heretofore in use. It presents a more copious stock of words, and gives more ample and satisfactory definitions, than other dictionaries of similar dimensions. . . . The work is an admirable specimen of comprehensive and accurate lexicography, and the style in which it is got up, as to typography, paper, and binding, is most creditable to all concerned."

"H. J. SCAMMUR,

"Professor Columbia College, N. Y."

"Considering the size of the book, it is certainly the most complete Dictionary of the English and German Languages. Very few, if any, important words are omitted, and the definitions give the principal significations of each word in a concise and intelligible manner, etc., etc."

"CHARLES BECK,

"Professor Harvard University, Cambridge."

"As for general use, I think Wm. Odell-Ellwell's Dictionary decidedly superior to any I ever have met with. It unites completeness in every respect with correctness and clearness—elegance with cheapness."

"THEODOR G. GLAUSSENKLEER,

"Prof. of German in the Free Academy, N. Y."

3000 Copies of this excellent work have been sold within three months, and American, English, and German scholars have passed the highest encomiums on it. Teachers please to apply at the publishers' for examination copies.

Messrs. MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 199 Broadway, are enabled to supply schools, &c., at the Publishers' wholesale price. n2tf

HENRY CAREY BAIRD,
Successor to E. L. Carey,
Philadelphia,

HAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED
**THE POETICAL WORKS OF
THOMAS GREY.**

EDITED BY PROFESSOR HENRY REED,

Illustrated by Charles W. Radcliffe.

In one vol. crown octavo, bound in muslin, marbled gilt, and morocco super extra.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,**

Illustrated by Daniel Huntington.

In 1 vol. royal 8vo. 9th ed.

**POEMS OF EARLY AND AFTER YEARS,
BY N. P. WILLIS.**

Illustrated by E. Leutze.

In 1 vol. royal 8vo. 5th edition.

MOORE'S LALLA ROOKH.
Illustrated. 1 volume, octavo. A new edition.

HOUSEHOLD SURGERY;

Or, Hints on Emergencies. By Jas. F. South, one of the Surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital.

Illustrated by numerous engravings. In 1 vol. 12mo. cloth.

BUILDERS' COMPANION:

Containing the Elements of Building, Surveying, and Architecture. With Practical Rules and Instructions connected with the subject. By A. C. Smeaton.

12mo. With numerous illustrations.

CABINET MAKER

AND UPHOLSTERER'S COMPANION.

By J. Stokes. Illustrated.

n33 tf

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

THE SALE OF THE EXTENSIVE AND UNIQUE VARIETY OF CURIOUS, RARE, AND USEFUL

BOOKS,
LONDON STATIONERY, ENGRAVINGS, SCRAPS, DRAWING MATERIALS,

&c., &c., belonging to the Estate of the late WILLIAM A. COLMAN, is continued at

No. 304 BROADWAY, UP STAIRS.

THERE ARE MANY ITEMS WELL ADAPTED FOR PRESENTS, among which are Waverley Portraits, Waverley Landscapes, Finden's Gallery of the Graces, Heath's Gallery, Musée of Sculpture and Painting, showing in beautiful outline 1300 Pictures of the Great Galleries of Europe, in 16 vols., Gems of Beauty, Book of Royalty, Book of Gems, Byron Gallery, and many of the

LONDON ANNUALS AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS!

ALSO, A LARGE VARIETY OF

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS in 16 different Languages, COMMON PRAYER BOOKS,

A large assortment; CATHOLIC BIBLES AND PRAYER BOOKS.

Among the stock is one copy of Pinkerton's Voyages, complete. Also, History; Travels; Biography; Poetry; the Drama; Sporting; A VARIETY OF WORKS ON MUSIC! Also, Works on Mathematics, Mechanics, Architecture, Painting, Agriculture, Domestic Medicine, &c., &c., &c. Natural History, Natural Philosophy, Wilson's Ornithology, Audubon's Ornithology, Maps and Atlases, Lexicons and Dictionaries in 15 different languages; Works in French, Italian, German, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, with many of the Old Classics, and a large variety of

JUVENILE BOOKS.

A large stock of Water Colors, Pencils, Brushes, Crayons, Bristol Boards, Studies of Trees, Landscapes, and other Drawing Studies, also Materials, of the best quality and in good order generally. Among 2000 ENGRAVINGS, are many Proofs, from the best Old and Modern Masters, embracing Line, Stipple, Mezzotint, Aquatint, Crayon, and Lithograph; a few are herewith enumerated, viz.:—Stations of the Cross, 14 large colored engravings, in most excellent style, price reduced from \$140 to \$35—Madonnas—Subjects by Martin, and a large variety of Scripture Pieces.

HISTORICAL, LANDSCAPES, MARINE VIEWS, PANORAMAS, BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, BATTLE OF YORKTOWN, NAPOLEON BATTLES, ENGLISH BATTLES, COSTUMES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, FRENCH AND GERMAN, COSTUMES OF LADIES OF MANY NATIONS. PORTRAIT OF OSCEOLA, the great Indian Chief, with Fifty other Red Men of the Forest. CARICATURES, French, English, and American. DURAND'S MUSIDORE, beautiful copy. DURAND'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, painted by Trumbull, fine copy. DEATH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM, splendid copy, published at £6. Sporting and Theatrical Prints. Audubon's Birds, folio; one complete set, 435 plates, in 4 vols folio, also single plates separate. Boydell's Shakespeare, folio; the same reduced. Famous Horses, Cattle, Dogs, &c. PORTRAITS of Gen. Washington, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Wellington, Queen Victoria, Sir Robert Peel, and several hundred others. Arms of Washington, with Genealogy. Female Heads and Portraits, large variety. Illustrations of Don Quixote, Irving, Scott, Cooper, and others, folio size. One set Illustrations of Shakespeare, from Steel Plate, very beautiful.

Several Thousand Landscapes, Heads, and Miscellaneous Pieces for Scrap Books.

ALSO

ONE PORTFOLIO OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS!

IN PENCIL AND WATER COLORS, PAINTING ON VELVET, &c., &c.

All of which are offered at very Low Auction Prices.

BY ORDER OF THE ASSIGNEE,

New York, Dec. 28, 1850. Steow

S. COLMAN, Agent,
NO. 304 BROADWAY, UP STAIRS.

HENRY KERNOT,
633 BROADWAY,
Has Just Published
NO. I. OF
THE NEW DIDO;
AN
Honest Laugh at "Honest" People.
d25 1/2 Price 12 1/2 cents.

THE EUROPEAN EXPRESS.

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION AGENCY.

McNICOL & CO., 38 Wall street, New York, and 9 Fenwick street, Liverpool.—McNicol & Co. beg leave to inform their friends and the public, that they have established a Branch of their House at New York, in connexion with their Liverpool House, and are now prepared to receive at their Office, GOODS, PACKAGES, and PARCELS, to be Forwarded by American and British Steamers, to Liverpool, London, Southampton, and Havre. Parties in the United States, receiving Goods, Parcels, Pictures, Books, or any description of Merchandise, from Great Britain, France, &c., are solicited to order shipment through McNicol & Co., Liverpool, who have agents in all the large cities of Europe.

Purchases made in England and France, whether for Sale or personal use. Drafts at sight, payable in all the large towns and cities in Great Britain.

⚡ Packages are made up Weekly, at this Agency, for all parts of Europe.

Custom House Business, in all its branches, attended to with accuracy and dispatch.

The strictest attention will be paid to all business sent to these Agencies, and the most economical charges and every satisfaction guaranteed.

McNICOL & CO., 38 Wall street.

References: New York, G. P. Putnam, Esq., Broadway; Boston, Messrs. Elliott & Greig, Merchants; New Orleans, Messrs. Lion Brothers; Liverpool, Messrs. J. Barnard & Co., Bankers.

P. S. Importers desirous of procuring the newest styles of French and English manufacture, can have sample patterns forwarded, when required, by every Steamer leaving Liverpool.

BOOK STORE FOR SALE.

The undersigned, being desirous to retire from business, offers for sale the entire stock, fixtures, and good will of his store in

MAIN STREET, CINCINNATI,
4 doors below Pearl Street.

The Stock is very choice, consisting of a general assortment of Law, Medical, Miscellaneous, and Blank Books and Stationery, suitable for the stand.

The location is one of the best in the city for the wholesale Trade and Publishing business, and has been occupied by me for the last nine years.

The terms I would offer are very liberal. The amount of stock about \$10,000.

GEORGE COX.

Cincinnati, Dec. 5, 1850.

d21 3

SALANDER AND THE DRAGON:

A Romance of the Hatz Prison.

BY

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON, M.A.

With Illustrations.

One volume, large 18mo. Price 50 cents.

Published by

GEORGE P. PUTNAM,
155 Broadway, andSAMUEL HUESTON,
139 Nassau street.

The above is an original Allegory illustrating in a forcible and striking manner the sin of Slander. d29 1/2

ROBERT CRAIGHEAD,

PRINTER,

112 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Handsome and Valuable Books.

LEA & BLANCHARD,
PHILADELPHIA,
PUBLISHERS.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

Illustrated Edition. In one splendid vol. imperial quarto, richly bound in extra cloth, gilt edges, with ten beautiful steel engravings by Finden.

STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

New and Complete Edition, twelve vols. in six, crown octavo, extra cloth, or half morocco.

LYNCH'S DEAD SEA EXPEDITION.

In one large and handsome octavo vol. extra cloth, with thirty maps and plates, beautifully executed.

CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS.

Complete Illustrated Edition. In one very handsome vol. extra cloth, or white calf, with beautiful plates.

DON QUIXOTE, ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

In two handsome volumes, crown octavo, extra cloth, or half morocco, with several hundred illustrations.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Eighth Edition, in one very handsome 18mo. vol. crimson extra cloth, gilt edges, with beautiful colored plates.

CAMPBELL'S CHANCELLORS OF ENGLAND. In seven very neat volumes, crown octavo, extra cloth.

ROGERS'S POEMS.

Illustrated Edition. In one very handsome volume imp. 8vo. extra cloth, or white calf, with beautiful steel plates.

THE BOY'S TREASURY OF SPORTS.

In one very handsome volume royal 18mo. extra crimson d23 1/2 cloth, with over four hundred woodcuts.

NEW BOOKS.

THE DREAM CHINTZ.

By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," "Only Old Jolliffe, & quel to Old Jolliffe," &c., &c.
18mo. cloth, 25 cents.

THE ISLAND OF LIFE;

AN ALLEGORY.—BY A CLERGYMAN.
16mo.

HOME BALLADS:

A Book for New Englanders. In Three Parts. By Abby Allin. 16mo. cambric, 75 cents.

YEOMAN ON CONSUMPTION.

Consumption of the Lungs, or Decline: the Causes, Symptoms, and Rational Treatment; with the Means of Prevention. By T. H. Yeoman, M.D. Revised by a Boston Physician. 12mo. cloth, 37 cts.

WRITINGS OF FENELON.

Selections from the Writings of Fenelon; with a Memoir of his Life, by Mrs. Follen, and Introductory Remarks by Rev. W. E. Channing, D.D. New edition, with Steel Portrait. 16mo. pp. 379.

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Kris Kringle's Book; a Gift for Children. By Abby Allin. 16mo. cloth, 35 cents.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN BIOGRAPHY.

New Volume, containing Memoirs of Channing, Story, Buckminster, Peirce, Tuckerman, Thacher, and others. 12mo. cloth, pp. 400, \$1

PHRENO-GEOLOGY.

The Progressive Creation of Man, indicated by Natural History, and Confirmed by Discoveries which connect the Organization and Functions of the Brain with the Successive Geological Periods. By J. Stanley Grimes 12mo. pp. 338.

Published by

JAMES MUNROE & CO.,

134 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,

And for Sale by all Booksellers. d313t

ICONOGRAPHIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA

OF

Science, Literature, and Art.

SECOND EDITION.

The Publisher of this splendid work has the pleasure to announce to his friends and the public, that he has just returned from Germany, where he has made arrangements for the speedy and regular issue of the second edition, which, owing to the rapid increase of the Subscriptions, has already become necessary. The continuation of the first edition will be furnished Subscribers monthly, as heretofore; whilst for the New Edition, a

NEW SUBSCRIPTION IS OPENED.

The New Edition will be issued in Paris, and at as short intervals as the case necessarily bestowed upon the Printing of the Steel Plates will allow.

TEN STEEL-PLATE PRINTING PRESSES are constantly at work for this edition, and will furnish impressions enough to enable the publisher to issue the second edition

In Semi-monthly Parts, so that it will be completed at the same time with the first edition, viz. in October, 1851.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Work will be Published in

TWENTY-FIVE PARTS,

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY,

Commencing on the First of October.

Each Part contains 20 beautifully executed Steel Plates, by the first Artists in Germany, and 80 pages of Letter-press.

Price for the Twenty-five Parts, TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS payable at the rate of ONE DOLLAR ON DELIVERY OF EACH PART.

Subscribers pledge themselves to take the numbers regularly as they are issued. On the other hand, they will at no time have to pay for any part in advance.

For further particulars, plan of the work, &c., examine the prospectus and specimen copies at the Publisher's, or at his Agents'.

New York, RUDOLPH GARRIGUE,

PUBLISHER,

2 Barclay street (Astor House).

AGENTS.

Boston, Redding & Co.; Philadelphia, W. B. Zieher; Buffalo, Geo. H. Derby & Co.; Cincinnati, Post & Co. Charleston, & C. Samuel Hart, Sen.; New Orleans, P. M. Norman; and the Book Trade generally. o5 11

NEW LAW BOOKS.

BANKS, GOULD & CO.,

LAW BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, AND IMPORTERS,

144 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, AND

GOULD, BANKS & GOULD,

475 BROADWAY, ALBANY.

PHILLIPPS ON EVIDENCE. 5 Volumes.

A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF EVIDENCE. Sixth American from the Ninth London Edition, with considerable Alterations and Additions. By S. March Phillips, Esq., Counsellor at Law. In three volumes. With Notes to the first and second volumes, by Esq. Cowen, late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, assisted by Nicholas Hill, Jr., Counsellor at Law. With additional Notes and References to the English and American Cases to the present time, by J. Marsden Van Cott, Counsellor at Law. In 5 volumes. 1850.

JOHNSON'S CASES. 3 Volumes.

REPORTS OF CASES OF THE SUPREME COURT AND COURT OF ERRORS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK from January Term, 1799, to January Term, 1803, both inclusive. By William Johnson. Second Edition, with many additional Cases not included in the former edition, from Original Notes of the late Hon. Jacob Radcliff, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court during the time of these Reports, with copious Notes and References to the American and English Decisions, by Lorenzo B. Sheppard, Counsellor at Law. In 3 volumes. 1849.

DENIO'S REPORTS. 5 Volumes.

REPORTS OF CASES ARGUED AND DETERMINED IN THE SUPREME COURT AND IN THE COURT FOR the Correction of Errors of the State of New York. By Hiram Denio. 5 volumes.

BARBOUR'S SUPREME COURT REPORTS. 6 Volumes.

REPORTS OF CASES IN LAW AND EQUITY IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. By Oliver L. Barbour, Counsellor at Law. 4 volumes.

BARBOUR'S CHANCERY REPORTS. 3 Volumes.

REPORTS OF CASES ARGUED AND DETERMINED IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY OF THE STATE of New York. By Oliver L. Barbour, Counsellor at Law. 3 volumes.

SANDFORD'S CHANCERY REPORTS. 4 Volumes.

REPORTS OF CASES ARGUED AND DETERMINED IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY OF THE STATE of New York before the Hon. Lewis H. Sandford, late Vice Chancellor of the First Circuit. 4 volumes.

MONELL'S PRACTICE.

A TREATISE ON THE PRACTICE OF THE COURTS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, Adapted to the Code of Procedure, and the Rules of the Supreme Court, to which is added the Practice in Courts of Justices of the Peace, with an Appendix of Practical Forms. By Claudius L. Monell. 1849.

WATERMAN'S TREATISE.

A TREATISE ON THE CIVIL JURISDICTION OF JUSTICES OF THE PEACE, to which are added, Outlines of the Powers and Duties of County and Town Officers in the State of New York. Adapted to the Statutes and the Code of Procedure, containing Directions and Practical Forms for every Civil Code which can arise before a Justice under the Statutes and the Code. By Thomas W. Waterman, Counsellor at Law. 1849.

AMERICAN CHANCERY DIGEST. 3 Volumes.

BEING A DIGESTED INDEX OF ALL THE REPORTED DECISIONS IN EQUITY, IN THE UNITED States Courts and in the Courts of the several States from the Earliest period to the Present time. By John A. Dunlap and Thomas W. Waterman.

BENEDICT'S ADMIRALTY PRACTICE.

THE AMERICAN ADMIRALTY, its Jurisdiction and Practice, with Practical Forms. By E. C. Benedict.

NEW YORK DIGEST. 4 Volumes.

A PRACTICAL ELEMENTARY DIGEST OF THE REPORTED CASES IN THE SUPREME COURT OF Judicature and the Court for the Correction of Errors of the State of New York, together with the Reported Cases of the Superior Court, from the earliest period to the present time. By Thomas W. Clarke and William Hogan. 1850.

COMSTOCK'S REPORTS. 3 Volumes.

REPORTED CASES, ARGUED AND DETERMINED IN THE COURT OF APPEALS OF THE STATE OF New York. By George F. Comstock, Counsellor at Law. With Notes and References.

BRIGHT'S HUSBAND AND WIFE. 2 Volumes.

A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE, as Respects Property, partly founded upon Roper's Treatise, and comprising Jacob's Notes and Additions thereto. By John Edward Bright, Esq. In 2 volumes. With Notes and References to American Decisions, by Ralph Lockwood.

ENGLISH CHANCERY REPORTS. Volumes 21 and 22.

The Subscribers having become the proprietors of JOHNSON'S LAW REPORTS, 20 Vols., and JOHNSON'S CHANCERY REPORTS, 7 Vols., are prepared to supply the Trade and the Profession in sets, or any Volume to complete sets, on liberal terms. n9 4twow

**ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS, ANNUALS,
NEW JUVENILE BOOKS, ETC.
PUBLISHED BY PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,
110 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY SALES.**

**I.
GEMS OF BEAUTY AND LITERARY GIFT FOR 1851.**

Edited by EMILY PERCIVAL. Embellished with Nine Splendid Steel and Colored Engravings.

**II.
THE SOUVENIR GALLERY. AN ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOK,**

Adorned with 13 fine Steel Mezzotint Engravings. 4to. morocco.

**III.
THE ROSARY OF ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE.**

By REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALL. A beautiful octavo volume, and finely illustrated with Steel Engravings.

**IV.
FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING:**

[A CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR, AND BIRTH-DAY GIFT FOR 1851. Bound in embossed morocco and embellished with Nine Steel Engravings. 12mo.

**V.
THE KEEPSAKE OF FRIENDSHIP:**

A Christmas and New Year's Annual for 1851. Edited by G. S. MUNROE. Illustrated with steel and colored engravings.

**VI.
THE AMARANTH; OR, TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE:**

A beautiful Gift Book for 1851, with steel engravings. Morocco, full gilt. 12mo.

**VII.
THE GARLAND: A 12mo. ANNUAL FOR 1851.**

Embellished with steel engravings. 12mo. Morocco.

**VIII.
THE LADIES' GIFT: A SOUVENIR OF FRIENDSHIP.**

Edited by a Lady. 12mo. Illustrated.

**IX.
CHRISTMAS ROSES:**

A Gift Book for Young People. Embellished with fine mezzotint engravings. 16mo. Full gilt.

**X.
THE LITTLE MESSENGER BIRDS;**

Or, Chimes of the Silver Bells. By Mrs. Caroline H. Butler. An elegant volume for Youth, finely illustrated, with eight Engravings from original Designs. 16mo.

**XI.
THE YOUNG LADY'S OFFERING;**

OR, GEMS OF PROSE AND POETRY. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, and others. With Steel Engravings. 12mo.

**XII.
THE YOUNG MAN'S OFFERING;**

Comprising Prose and Poetical Writings from the most Eminent Authors. 12mo. Illustrated.

**XIII.
ARTHUR'S ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES AND ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN;**

Or, their Duties and Conduct in Life. 12mo.

NEW ILLUSTRATED JUVENILES.

FRANK AND FANNY. A Rural Story. By Clara Moreton. 1 vol. 16mo. with 40 Illustrations.

COUNTRY SCENES AND CITY CHARACTERS; OR, LIFE IN THE VILLAGE. Embellished with 24 Engravings. 1 vol. 16mo.

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS; with Pictures to Match. By Francis C. Woodworth. Finely Illustrated with 60 elegant Engravings.

THE GIFT STORY-BOOK; OR, SHORT TALES WRITTEN FOR CHILDREN, By Dame Truelove, and her Friends. 16mo. Illustrated.

AUNT MARY'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Library." 16mo. Illustrated.

STORIES ABOUT BIRDS; with Pictures to Match. By Francis C. Woodworth. Illustrated with 60 fine Engravings.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.

The Diosma. A new Volume of Poems, Original and Selected.
By MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Murray's Pictorial History of the United States.

With numerous Illustrations. One volume imperial 8vo. 500 pages.

THE LONDON ART-JOURNAL.

MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE ARTS.

We beg to call the attention of the TRADE and the public to the ART-JOURNAL FOR 1851. It is the only Journal which represents the Fine Arts; this it has done fully, and it is hoped with integrity and success. It exhibits also the progress of Industrial Arts—and its conductors claim the merit of having largely aided the movement which now so generally operates in favor of Manufactured Art. These objects are obtained not only by Essays, Criticisms, and Reviews, by accomplished writers and by Reports of Proceedings influencing Art in all parts of the world, but by ENGRAVINGS of a high order of merit, both upon steel and wood. We would especially commend your notice to the Steel Engravings of the Pictures in the "Vernon Gallery"—engraving in the ART-JOURNAL by direct grant of Mr. Vernon and by special assent of the Trustees of the National Gallery. The conductors also beg to announce their intention of reporting very fully

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851, In the Art-Journal.

FOR THIS PURPOSE THEY DESIGN PREPARING

AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

which will be issued in Three Supplementary Parts for the months of May, June, and July; each part to consist of at least fifty-two pages, to contain between 250 and 300 engravings on wood.

The Exhibition will be of the deepest interest to every civilized nation in the world. It will be a display of the best productions of Manufacture and Art, contributed by all the nations of Europe, by the several States of America, and by the numerous countries and colonies attached to the British Crown. It will therefore supply suggestions for improvements to all orders and classes of manufacturers and artisans, and operate as a great school of Art, in which its true principles are to be studied and taught.

It is, therefore, above all things essential that the Exhibition shall be properly reported. Mere descriptive matter would not do this so as to be useful for practical purposes: the only way by which the Exhibition can be effectually represented is by a series of engravings so extensive as to embrace all the leading subjects it contains.

The ART-JOURNAL will be naturally looked to, to achieve this great object. We are now making such arrangements as will enable us to answer the expectations, and meet the wishes of our subscribers, both at home and abroad. It cannot be presumption in us to say, that our facilities for working out this plan are peculiar; the great circulation of our Journal justifies a large expenditure; we have established relations with nearly all the leading Manufacturers; they have confidence in our executing the task with fidelity; the artists who will co-operate with us are at our hand; experience will point out to us the Articles from which Engravings ought to be made—as most suggestive as well as most attractive—and all contributors to the Exhibition will be aware, not only of our resources, but that from the character and circulation of our Journal, it will become an "authority" upon the subjects of which it treats. When these Illustrated Reports have been issued with the ART-JOURNAL, they will be collected into a volume which volume will contain probably

MORE THAN A THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS;

and become—as a Catalogue of its most beautiful and valuable contents—a permanent Record of the Exhibition, and a key to the most meritorious manufactures of all parts of the world.

The Trade are requested to forward their Orders for the ensuing Year as early as possible.

VIRTUE, SON & CO.,

26 John street, New York.

